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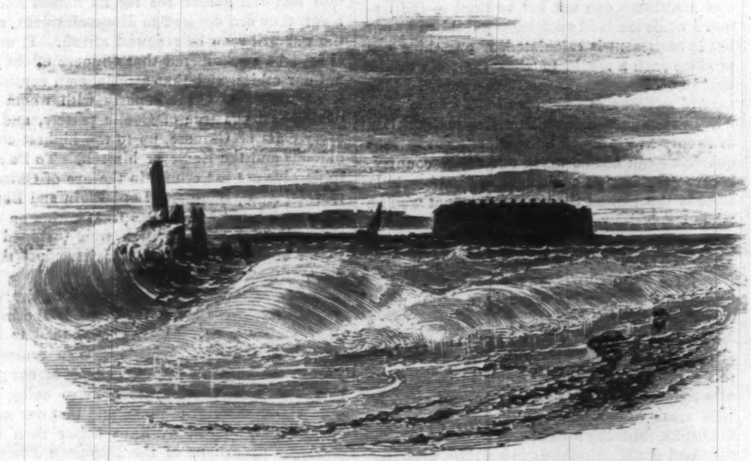
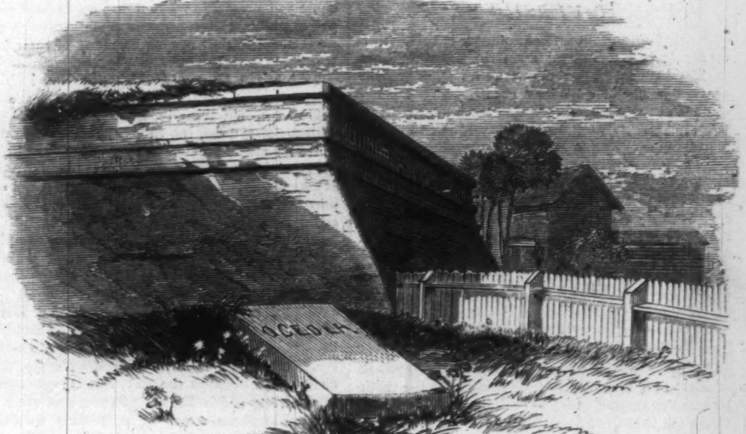


FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

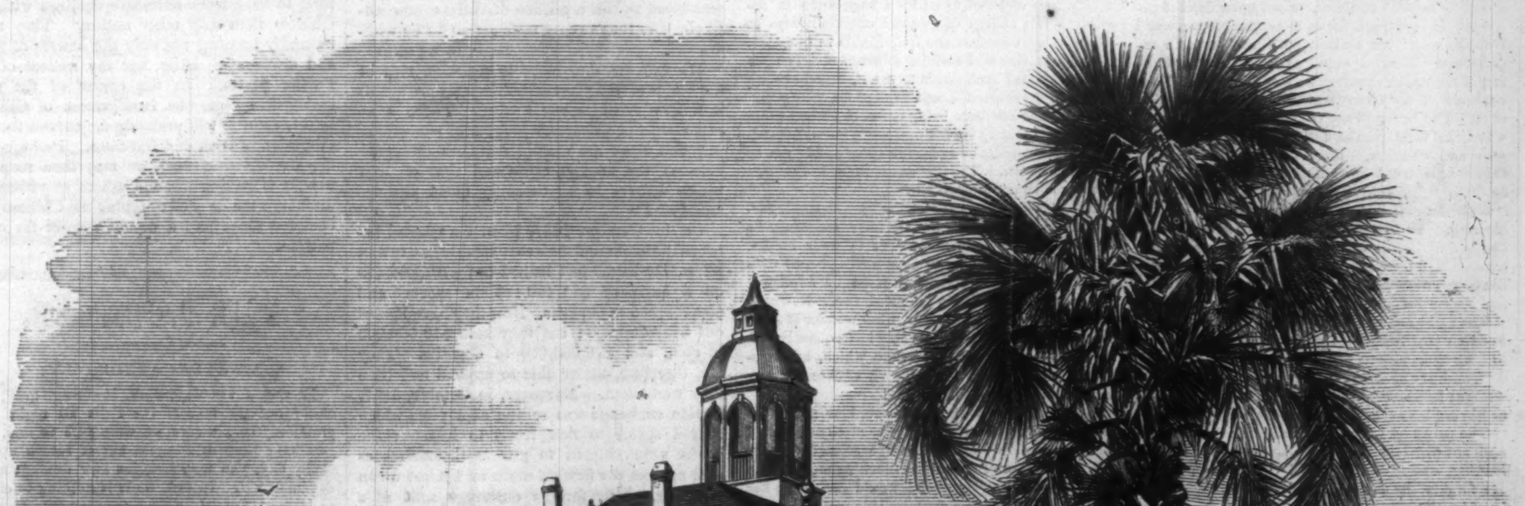


THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

CHARLESTON SCENES.

WE continue our series of Views at Charleston with a fine picture of the old Custom-house, which serves as a post-office at the present time; showing also the only Palmetto-tree which still survives in the streets of Charleston.

The building itself has quite a history, and rises into classical dignity among the sons of the soil. In the basement of this fabric old Moultrie walled up some 100,000 pounds of gunpowder, in order to keep it from the British, when the town was about to fall into their hands, in the third attempt which they made for its capture; and here it remained safe from discovery during the three years that they had possession. The vaults of this same basement were employed as a Provost or prison, in which the captured rebels were locked up for starvation or execution, or when it was necessary to work upon the fears of friends, and extort sub-



PALMETTO-TREE, AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

mission or property. In these damp, dismal regions hundreds perished of privation and their wounds. Here Isaac Hayne, the martyr, was held in durance vile till taken out to the gallows. You note that chamber to the left in the rear of the second story? In that chamber did the noble victim make his toilet the fatal morning. He had been brought up from the cells below to this apartment in order that he should habit himself properly for his doom, and exchange the last greetings with his friends. This old fabric, associated with so much that is grateful to patriotism, the Charlestonians will hardly suffer to be pulled down to make way for structures of even greater excellence. It is beautifully situated, and might be employed for various public purposes when it is withdrawn from present uses.

Our smaller pictures need no description. The grave of Oceola stands in the shade of the walls of Fort Moultrie; the palmetto sighs overhead, and the waves murmur within hearing of the last resting-place of the broken-hearted chief.

Fort Sumter is one of the forts which guard the entrance to Charleston harbor. In case of any trouble, it would become a place of marked importance.

FANCY *VERSUS* FACT.

A VERY mixed-up sort of a matter is this life of ours. It is a good deal upon the bread-pudding plan, which, with its plums and soft, succulent spots, has likewise its hard crusts, which try the temper of the material of which teeth are made.

So in this life we have now sunshine and then a storm—here a flower and there a bramble. Nay, such intertwisting is there that we can rarely stoop to pick the rose without giving the thorn a chance to find its way to the quivering nerve. And not only is there this tangling up of affairs that are in themselves unlike, but the same event or circumstance has as many different aspects as there are ways of looking at it, or eyes with which to see it. A poet said long ago:

> "From out the self-same cloud
> One sees a thousand angels look and smile,
> Another sees as many demons frown."

Neither should we frown upon this *haloing* power of fancy. The ability to take away from the earth its earthiness is one much to be desired. A grace and finish are thus given to life that else were wanting altogether. And when this power of transformation is denied it—when a thing stands up and stubbornly declares itself to be earth-born—it is wonderful how this same fancy avenges itself by looking at it through its own glass, which separates the rays of light, and wreathes the low-born object in brilliant prismatic colors. There are few things so prosaic that fancy can not contrive to throw a halo around them which will be visible to the eye adapted to the medium. But this power of enchantment seems to be most easily exercised upon distant objects. It is difficult for us to appreciate cares and troubles which are entirely outside of our own experiences. The poor man looks at the lordly dwelling and elegant appointments of the rich, and can conceive of no more paradisiacal state of existence. The latter is not troubled as to the way in which he shall get the daily bread needed by his wife and children. Rugged, hard-handed labor makes no demand upon him, and therefore surely he is blessed. While, in the eyes of the rich man, it is the humble inmate of the cottage who has the blessing. To him the simple labor of the hands seems easy, when compared with the stress and strain which must come upon the brain of him who has large possessions, and, consequently, large cares and responsibilities.

The child regards the man with envy, and longs to reach that delectable state, when he can sit up as long as he pleases at night, go where he lists by day, and pay as much as he pleases for his whistle, without feeling himself in danger of being chided or having his ears boxed for his folly.

The man looks back to his childhood, when care had not yet laid its heavy hand upon him, with longing, and says, "Would I were a boy again!" He forgets the broken noses, the cut fingers, the hard lessons, the reprimands, the refusals, the disappointments and crosses which so often clouded the sun and shut it out from the view of his young eyes.

"I wish I were a woman," said a little five-year old maiden the other day, "then I would eat as much pickle as I wanted!" If the little maiden live to be a woman, she may look back with strong desire to the time when she could eat any pickle at all with impunity.

"Love in a cottage" has been "flattering unction" to the hearts of love-sick maidens in all time. But the sober realities of baking and brewing, frying and seething, dish-washing and scouring, sleeping and eating, all jumbled up together, and going on in concert or in quick succession, have quite universally wrought out the disenchantment of those who were possessed by the notion. We are very much indebted to the poets for those enchantments in which distant prospects are so often clothed. "Rural life" is one of their favorite topics. Even plowing and sowing are made poetically attractive. But let a man follow the plow all day, until every muscle complains of weariness, and the sun might paint the clouds, at evening, with every various shade of gold and amber, and make them gorgeous beyond any poet's dream, and the mind of the weary man would have scarcely enough vivacity left to rejoice in the heavenly vision, unless it were because the setting of the sun was a signal that his day's weary work was over with.

Again, these poets tell us, in musical numbers, of the melodious effect of the lowing herds, that always contrive, in some way or other, to get into exactly the right place at exactly the right time, which is generally the evening hour. Now this lowing is pleasanter to be heard of than to be heard. Most persons, after a first trial, would prefer to take it second-handed. At vesper time let there "come off" a concert after some such programme as this. Let the bass be given by a brace of oxen that have just had permission to rest from their labors, the alto made up of the plaintive tones of a disconsolate cow, while the soprano is given by a newly-weaned calf. Few, probably, would have the hardihood to encore at the end of the first performance. Even the solo of a bereaved mother, upon the tender flesh of whose offspring he may have dined that day, would probably satisfy the longing for this kind of music of the most rural of poets—even Corydon himself.

Likewise, these same poets often become impressively eloquent over "the bleating of the lamb." Beautiful maidens and angelic children, whom Heaven is about to reclaim as its lawful property, which has been "strayed or stolen" for a while, are made to long for an extension of the lease of life, in order that, among other privileges, they may again hear this delightful "bleating of the lamb." Could these waiting exiles have the benefit of such a performance as greeted my ears "once on a time," they would soon declare themselves ready to go!

One morning in June a whole flock of these wool-growers strayed from their legitimate breakfasting-place, and manifested a decided inclination to eat their lunch just under my chamber window. They chose to be sociable while doing so, instead of impairing their digestion by hurrying through their meal in solemn silence, as do many of their "betters."

Ba! began Nanny-black-sheep; Ba-a! chimed in her horned admirer; Ba-a-a! echoed the tiny voice of a newly-arrived darling of the poet. This fuguing done, the chorus became general. A voice for music seemed to be a universal gift, and every soul of them abundantly able to carry a part. My ears tingled for a week afterward; and even now the very thought of a sheep raises an imaginary noise and confusion.

The painters aid the poets in creating our pleasant delusions. They can idealize and make attractive the commonest and most vulgar institutions in this commonplace world of ours. For example, in "The Farm-Yard" of the English Herring, that most unpoetic of all flesh and blood investments, the hog, is really made quite attractive. I thought, as I looked at the picture, that a comparison between the tidy, Sunday-go-to-meeting-looking swine in the picture, and their unwashed brethren according to the flesh, would certainly be odious to the living. Not only were the general style and air of the former in their favor, but likewise their dignified silence, when contrasted with the unmelodious gruntings of the Simon Pures as they emerged from the troubled waters of the gutter, where they have just performed their swinish ablutions, or are waiting in impatient expectancy for the corn and conglomerated tea that are to make their breakfast. As justice is due to pigs as well as men, I would improve the opportunity here afforded to make a suggestion in answer to the charge of general unamiableness so often brought against the individuals in question. This accusation is, I believe, founded mainly upon their admitted inclination *to grunt*, together with the often manifested intention *to go the other way*.

The latter attribute being found to prevail quite extensively among bipeds who have, notwithstanding, a very respectable place in society, will not be considered here. The first count in the indictment shall receive more attention.

Every body knows that these pork-manufacturers, though they can not, strictly speaking, be called sedentary, are not active in their habits. At the same time, they are generally blessed with good appetites, of which, it must be admitted, they are quite piggish in the indulgence. Now putting these two facts together, what wonder if these much-slandered individuals should frequently suffer all the horrors of indigestion which, any dyspeptic being judge, would be an excuse for any amount of *grunting* whatsoever!

Again, the cows in the picture, how attractive they looked as they stood there so meek and mute! The meditative look in the eye seemed to say, "Here much we ruminate as much we may." No lady with an interjected oh! would gather up her hoops and cross to the opposite side-walk to avoid cows so comely and well-behaved as those. And the milk-maid standing there, "on the wrong side of the cow," is evidently an amateur in the particular business of "pressing the unctuous udder." There is no smell of the kitchen about her. One might search a long while among the actual Bridgets and Judys without finding a genuine article that was half so much to one's taste. She is evidently only acting a character, and the affectionate looking swain who is there, of course "just by chance," is making her forget what she came for.

Blessings be to the painters and the poets for these "crumbs of comfort" which they strew in our paths! Life were cheerless without them, and this earth a barren and ungainly dwelling-place.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE BANK CRISIS.

THE banks of the city of New York, taught by experience, have frankly met the present emergency by consolidating themselves into one institution, throwing their specie into one common fund, and offering the merchants whatever assistance they need. In 1857 they undertook to fight the merchants, and, as they might have expected, were worsted in the conflict. In 1860 they say to the merchants: We will stand or fall with you. We will discount for you to the last dollar we hold among us. Here are twenty millions of gold: so long as a dollar remains, we shall all stand ready to grant our usual facilities to dealers.

It need hardly be added that the present attitude of the banks is nobler and safer than the policy of 1857. An antagonism between banks and merchants can not but be fatal to the former; while the bold confidence exhibited by our banks at present is calculated, if any thing can produce such a result, to allay the fears of the timid and restore courage to the public. The twenty millions of gold now held by the New York city banks—and which will soon be swelled to twenty-five millions by receipts from various quarters—can not be taken out of the country, because the foreign exchanges are uniformly in favor of the United States. It can not well be taken out of New York, because all parts of the country are at present tributary to New York. There is a small profit on shipments of coin from New Orleans to New York; coin is coming in from New England; there is a large profit on remittances of coin from New England to New York. If it be taken out of the banks at all, it must be placed in private repositories in this city. How unlikely an event this is, those who remember the days of 1857 will testify. In 1857 some very timid people took gold out of the banks, thinking it was not safe there. When they had got their gold at home they were like the man with the elephant—they did not know what to do with it. Large amounts of gold in private houses were a terrible provocation to burglars; fires suggested new dangers; the possessors of specie knew no peace until they had restored their gold to the banks. If this was the case when the withdrawals of specie amounted to half a million of dollars, how unlikely it is that twenty millions could be withdrawn!

We can not undertake to say what may be the result of the present commercial crisis. It is a new event in our history. There is no precedent to guide men's judgments concerning it. But there are certain points of difference between the present crisis and that of 1857 which deserve to be carefully noted and remembered.

On 1st October, 1857, when the quarrel between the banks and their customers began to wax warm, the banks had loaned out $105,935,499 on a basis of $11,400,413 in specie, and $52,798,365 in deposits. Now they have loaned out $123,200,000; but they hold $19,500,000 in coin, and $76,000,000 in deposits. They are, therefore, better able to expand now than they were then. Moreover, in October, 1857, foreign exchange was selling at a price which caused specie to flow freely to Europe; the banks were obliged to protect themselves as well against the foreign drain as against a run at home. Now foreign exchange sells at a price which renders it profitable to import specie from Europe; the banks are certain, if they need it, that, in the course of thirty days, they will be fortified by remittances of bullion from England. Again, in October, 1857, the amount of money required by needy borrowers in this city was enormous. Every railroad corporation was carrying a large floating debt; including the manufacturing and other public Companies of New England, it is no exaggeration to say that the corporate borrowers in the market had paper afloat to an amount not less than fifty millions of dollars. This was exclusive of individual borrowers, of whom, as the crisis proved, there was a vast multitude living, trading, and speculating on money borrowed at high rates of interest. Now these insolvents have disappeared. Some have gone to their last account; many have compromised with their creditors; railroads have been sold out by the sheriff; a few have recovered their footing and paid up. They have all, or very nearly all, vanished from public view. Our railroads have small or no floating debts; our merchants are sailing under close sail; the general expansion of credit is quite moderate. This is a great point in favor of 1860. Finally, during the three years previous to 1857 extravagance in living had been almost universal throughout the country. Not in New York alone, but in the Western cities as well, people of all classes had been spending unusual sums in luxuries of every kind—building preposterous palaces, filling them with preposterous furniture, giving preposterous entertainments, paying preposterous wages to servants, clothing their families in preposterous silks, and generally living on a preposterous scale. Now, on the contrary, the people of this country have been generally living economically for the past three years. In the West, especially, poverty is only just departing from the households of the country people. Since 1857 the people of the North have spent less money in luxuries than they did in a single year prior to that date.

These points of difference are likely to exercise some influence on the pending crisis. They tend to show that both the merchants and the banks must be stronger now than they were then. And they must, at the proper time, form a very suitable basis for a restoration of confidence, now so sadly disturbed.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

IT is reported, as a rumor, that a treaty of peace has been signed between the Maritime Powers of Europe and the Empire of China. If England and France are satisfied with any written treaty with the Chinese, and do not obtain material guarantees for its honest fulfillment, they are doomed to disappointment, and the war will soon be renewed afresh. It must always be remembered that Chinese ethics are not our ethics, and that a Chinaman considers it no wrong to cheat a party with whom he deals. This is true of Coolie porters, and of every class of Chinese, up to the highest court officials and the Emperor himself. To lie and to deceive are not crimes in the eye of Chinese morality. If, therefore, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros withdraw their forces from China on the strength of a mere written treaty, signed at Pekin or elsewhere, they will have lost their time.

This country has taken no part in the war with China. We are a good deal in the habit of leaving our citizens residing abroad to the care of Providence and the British cruisers; we have done so in China. Some of our papers and politicians say that in so doing we showed our superior wisdom, and that our masterly inactivity will avail us better than the energetic operations of the European Powers. This may or may not be. Under the favored nation clause, we shall reap the benefit of any concessions which the Europeans may extort from the Chinese, without sharing their outlay. Whether our people will stand as well with the Chinese afterward is another question. This country is destined, in the not very distant future, to have more extensive dealings with the Chinese than any other nation. They must naturally become, not only the hewers of wood and drawers of water, but the traders of our Pacific States. In the course of the next twenty-five years the immigration of Chinese to this country will probably far exceed the immigration of Irish and Germans. Perhaps, under the circumstances, we may then reap the benefit of having allowed others at present to discharge the duty of whipping the Chinese into common sense and a decent respect for other nations.

THE LOUNGER.

A WET DAY AT THE FALLS.

IT was a wet day, dark, lowering, gray, and chill; but the roar of the Falls all night long promised the pleasure we were sure to find. If you have been at Niagara out of season upon a sunny day, you may imagine how desolate a wet day makes it. In fact, there is nothing to charm or interest a stranger for a moment but the river banks and the cataract. Even in summer, when the *Cataract* and *International* are overflowing with gay crowds, when carriages and pedestrians throng all the roads—when, in every secluded nook of Goat Island, there is a young woman in kid gloves exclaiming, "Isn't it beautiful!" even then the low melancholy shores of the lake, the monotonous line of dark woods are sad and dispiriting; but in the rain!—upon a wet November day!—and that day Sunday!

Somehow you are more entirely at the mercy of the hackmen in the late autumn; for the great houses are closed, and every stranger is marked by the coachies for persecution. Sallying forth as we did with umbrellas to behold the wonder of the continent, we were immediately accosted by a crowd of Jehus. They offered to take us every where for the smallest sum of money. "A capital buggy, gentlemen, for a dollar and a half." "Go the other side, gentlemen? open carriage; only a shilling apiece." "Gentlemen, have a carriage this morning?" And so a dozen, first confidentially, then loudly—then stopping, from behind, from the other side of the way, from the seat of the carriage—voices every where, drowning the sound of Niagara—"Carriage, gentlemen: nice carriage, gentlemen: take you all for a shilling." Why don't these people learn that they don't understand their business? If a man wants a carriage he is very sure not to take the one of the driver who follows him up so faithfully.

We left them at length, all but one who walked by our side elaborating the advantages of employing him, until we asked him if he proposed to accompany us, at least to do so silently. Some few stray shots were also fired from hackmen at corners, and hackmen roaming restlessly about upon their carriages, hanging their hopeless legs over the side of the seat, and hailing us in such a hopeless voice, that we knew they were not disappointed by the inevitable "No, thank you."

When you stand upon the bridge over the American rapids, the hackmen trouble your ears and your memory no more. You see only the ocean pouring out of the sky and sweeping beneath you; you hear only the mighty roar of the cataract. Then you have to run the gauntlet of an Indian-ware shop; but at last you are safe upon Goat Island. If it be a chill, wet November Sunday, you may be sure, as you turn to the left and walk along the shore of the river and lake, that you will walk with only your own company. Pinching the purple berries of the cedar in your idle fingers, you look wistfully up the lake, already feeling the magnetism which draws you toward the great plunge. As you saunter toward it, and see the Canadian rapids, that feeling of profound pathos which pervades the whole region begins to fill your mind. There are little islands, clumps of tangled trees near the margin of Goat Island, and between them and you the shooting water eddies, curls, and sparkles, the trees leaning over, the boughs sometimes dipping, the swift water never delaying, but grimly, terribly dashing on to the brink. These secluded passages—shadowed, gleaming, winding, and narrow—will, perhaps, remind some eyes far from the home across the sea, of the rivers of Scotland, sweet in story, and you shall believe, as you listen, that you are looking upon the Teviot, the Esk, the Tweed, in their wild and wanton exuberance.

Just beyond, the mist above the great cataract rises above the trees. Irresistibly your feet quicken their pace. You catch half glimpses; the air shakes with the throbbing thunder; a sense of catastrophe, of fate, of despair, steals over your soul—and there you are, standing upon the grass on the naked cliff, with the white abyss below you. If you have seen it many times, every time it is grander.

But if you would be overwhelmed, cross to the Canada side; go nearly to Table Rock, then down the new steps, and from the path scramble over the loose stones quite to the river's edge, and you have the entire fall above you. The water dashes up in spray, like ocean billows, over the rock on which you stand, and the vast cloud of vapor half conceals the cataract.

A WORD UPON NOVELS.

Now that Dickens has begun, and Thackeray is about beginning, a new novel, it is pleasant to think about story-telling, and see how the novels let us into the secrets of life. It is universally agreed that if we were all honest the world would be a paradise. Yet few of us say just what we think, few of us appear just what we are. Probably we are all often conscious of asking ourselves, when talking with other people, "I wonder what kind of person this really is, behind all the broadcloth, and lace, and artificial flowers, and conventional smiling, and chatting, and bowing, and monotonous assent to every thing.

It takes a sharp crisis often to show a man what his neighbors really are, as the keen glance of the old philosopher compelled the Lamia to show that she was a serpent and not a woman. And the same crisis reveals him also to himself, as a great fright often gives a paralytic the use of his limbs. Thus the world constantly appears to the imagination, and reappears in poetry and fiction, as a vast masquerade, where we are all dancing in dominoes, and now and then comes a sudden glare through the windows, and a frightful thunder-clap overroars the music, to show who really has nerve and who hasn't.

Novels are so universally entertaining, because they are pictures of the masquerade with a key or explanations of some of the principal figures.

"Do you see," says Mr. Dickens, as we stroll through the masquerade, "that large, bland, bald, benignant-looking man, with huge round eyes and in a full suit of bottle-green broadcloth, sitting over there, idly folding his pudgy hands and twiddling his fat thumbs, the very personification of patriarchal benevolence? He looks like a great human torrid zone, in which all the cardinal virtues sprout spontaneously, and flourish as luxuriantly as cabbages in guano—doesn't he? Well, that man's heart is as bald as his head. His benevolence is merely an adipose deposit. He is really a thin, sour, selfish, hard-hearted man. It is the living skeleton masquerading as Jack Falstaff."

The other novelists are other cicerones. They are illustrative critics of life. If they are really sharp-sighted, you can not do better than listen to them. If they really can not see, the world discovers it fast enough, and tells them so.

ON THIS SIDE AND ON THAT.

LOUNGING along, the other day, at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, I presently came to the shores of a river which separated two countries. The train stopped, and we all stepped out upon the platform. There was an air of disorder and untidiness. People rushed hither and thither, asking for offices of various kinds to inquire about luggage and tickets. There seemed to be no thoughtful supervision any where, and every thing was at sixes and sevens. The station itself was a kind of huge shed, with stone walls, perhaps, but it was uncomfortable and shiftless in appearance; and after some delay, the train moved slowly over the river into another country.

Stopping at a station there, it was impossible not to observe the general tidiness and convenience of the whole building. It was of a simple and appropriate style of architecture; the platform in front was very broad and spacious; a conspicuous and legible sign projecting from above every door indicated precisely the use of the room and directed the eager traveler. Every thing was swept and garnished. The station was a temple of convenience and neatness. The area about it was carefully inclosed in proper fences; the ground was decently kept. The sitting-rooms were entirely comfortable; smoking was forbidden, and the floors were not covered with the juice of tobacco. The station looked as if somebody owned it, was responsible for it, and had a pride in it. Travel immediately became a pleasure.

Now think at a venture of any station in our large towns. Begin with the Albany terminus of the Central Railroad; follow on to Schenectady, to Utica, to Rome, to Syracuse. You had better pause at Syracuse, and do homage to the Company that provides so spacious, so stately, so clean, so convenient a hall for passengers to dine in. Compare it, dinner and all—compare it, in the very least detail, with the Hamilton Station, upon the Great Western road. Then you will see what is a really good station, worthy the nineteenth century, and what is a really bad one. The New Haven road, however, disputes the palm of inferiority with the New York Central. The subterranean abyss under the City of Elms into which the trains shriek with despair, as they rush, is perhaps the most wretched of all the railroad retreats in the country.

However, why should we complain? If they don't give us decent places to stop in, they are very likely to break our necks upon the way; so it comes to much the same thing. And yet, would it not be interesting to see some American enterprise of the large kind carried out handsomely and properly to the smallest detail? Of course it is better that passengers should be transported safely than that they should be able to see when they reach a station. But are the two things absolutely incompatible?

And echo distinctly answers, No.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

UNDER this droll and characteristic title Mr. Ruskin is writing a series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which are simultaneously produced in *Harper*. The title is drawn from the words in Matthew—"I will give unto this last even as unto thee," and the object is to show that our political economy is founded upon a false principle. The papers are full of ingenuity and brilliancy, and their doctrine is impregnably true. So long, he says, as you base your whole system upon selfishness so long you are sure to go wrong at last. An individual may escape the result, but a state or a nation will be sure to discover it at length.

It would be a curious and interesting business to show how accurately true this is historically; to trace the secret decline of empires to systems of injustice. Buckle denies the power of purely moral causes to influence civilization; but Buckle would find it hard to show that material methods were not mastered by the moral sentiments. Any tool, any invention, is merely a hand. Its real service to society depends upon the brain that controls it; and the character of that control will be determined by the conscience behind the brain.

Buckle's own country of England confirms this truth. The English system of society is essentially unjust, and therefore its prosperity is merely a disease consuming its vitality. The wealth of England is an adipose deposit; it is fat, not muscle; and while all the time it seems to be larger, it is really weaker; and when it is so large as to be cumbrous, over it will go. The land in England is falling more and more into the hands of great proprietors. The population is rapidly dividing itself into the very poor and the very rich. The condition of the poor, in every way, is utterly wretched. Ignorance, vice, bestiality, are getting to distinguish these classes more than ever. Olmsted, in his "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England"—a book full of that calm observation and acute insight and judgment which put his works of travel among the most valuable of their kind in literature—tells of that mass of the most degraded people of which the politicians and many thinkers in England take no thought whatsoever. It is a cloud already larger than a man's hand. But it is either not seen or despised, or simply so feared that despair shuts its eyes and hopes that the deluge may hold off until itself gets out of the scrape.

Sydney Smith wrote a comical paper upon taxation in England: but now, after all the taxes which he describes have depleted the income of the Englishman, comes the Income Tax to squeeze the dry sponge. "When we are bled to death," said an Englishman, the other day, "they turn to and garrote us." After all the "rates" of every kind have been paid, the income of the Englishman is taxed an additional ten-pence in the pound. And it is a notable fact that the amount of the Income Tax for the current year is consumed by the war expense in China. Meanwhile, also, the thrifty population of the Highlands in Scotland has diminished enormously within a century, and its place is not supplied.

No thoughtful man can hope that the unaided multiplication table or the rule of three can save England; nor can any man deny that she has reached her present situation in strict obedience to the laws of the present political economy. The drift of Ruskin's series is to prove that this must be changed. He does not, indeed, as yet, apply his doctrine especially to his own country. But it is the only remedy. When you have produced certain results by disobeying certain laws, obedience is all that remains. It may not save you, but it will surely help those that follow you.

A LETTER TO THE HOST OF A COUNTRY INN.

MY DEAR LANDLORD,—I have lately passed some time at your house. You haven't the least idea who I am, and the reader will have no idea who you are. So we can talk plainly, and nobody need be offended.

Now, then, why don't you have your floors and walls clean at any price? It wouldn't cost much to have the floors and the doors and the mop-boards scrubbed every day. Suppose you have to pay wages to two or three more women, you would find your account in the increased patronage of your house.

Then why do you allow such a table-cloth as we had at breakfast the first day to be laid upon your table? Had you no self-respect? Have you no pride, no honor in your house? You remember the table-cloth? It was simply filthy! It was spotted and smeared with the greasy gravy of that fried beef-steak. People had slopped their coffee upon it, and their tea: and the maids had slopped the "sarce;" and the butter had had a chance at it; and it was mottled and variegated with stains of every shape and hue. The cloth was perfectly nasty, dear landlord! Don't you think you could do something about it? If you would take it off altogether, and have the table scrubbed clean, that would answer.

The paper on the wall of the dining-room too—how about that? It was just like the cloth upon the table. It was so discolored and streaked and foul that it was not a pleasant relief from the contemplation of the other. Also the wooden counter, or dresser, or whatever you call it, where the meats were carved. Is it a stroke of economy upon your part to have it of such an appearance that nobody cares to eat any thing which is carved upon it?

Think of your dining-room a moment. Imagine a clean floor, a clean table-cloth with clean napkins, clean paper upon the walls, a clean ceiling, clean dressers and counters, and rigorously clean hands and clean aprons upon the waiters—all this cleanliness, which would not be very expensive at first, would be curiously profitable at last.

Then your house is a house of entertainment, of convenience for travelers, isn't it? They expect to have their own way, and not yours, don't they? They hope to take, and you mean that they shall take, their ease in their inn—isn't that the understanding? By what right, then, does that porter beat the Chinese gong at seven o'clock in the morning? Here is Mr. Sharp, who arrived only at two o'clock in the morning, and could not get fairly to sleep until three. Are Mr. Sharp's rights and comforts as a guest not to be consulted as much as those of any person in your house? And as if one such hideous roar were not enough, there must be another at eight o'clock for breakfast. Suppose that Mr. Lazy does not wish to breakfast until ten. Is he not at home in your house? Is he to have his own way, or yours? Then why can't the porter put my boots quietly at the door without thumping to say that they are there? Of course they are there. Of course he is paid to take the boots and clean them and put them back again. Why doesn't he do it quietly? He might as reasonably thump to tell me that he's taking them away—or thump to tell me that it's half past one o'clock, and that every body is asleep—or thump to tell me that the mercury has fallen a degree.

My dear Sir, why do you make your inn a Procrustes' bed, and compel every man to do what somebody else wishes? If Mr. Sharp wishes to get up at six o'clock, why should Mr. Blunt be roused? If Mr. Blunt wants to breakfast at seven o'clock, is that any reason why Mr. Sharp may not wait until nine? If any body wishes to be called at any hour, by all means let him be called; but don't call the whole house. There's reason in all things. You need not fear that Mr. Sharp may not want to breakfast until twelve o'clock. The American will not wait until then. If, in rare cases, he does, let him have his breakfast at twelve.

You see, dear Landlord, more cleanliness and silence are what we all pray for. Then your fare might be as plain as you chose. We should not quarrel. In any case be frank. Put upon your sign, "Dirt and noise warranted in this house;" and let somebody else put up, "A clean and quiet house." If the signs tell the truth every guest will be accommodated, and one of the two landlords will prove that he knows how to keep a hotel.

Your well-wisher,
THE LOUNGER.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.

OLD hoss, John Bull, take back your Prince
From our superior nation,
Where he has been, for some time since,
Completin' education.
I calculate, though Wales is young,
He's gathered many a wrinkle,
And, when you hear his polished tongue,
Expect your eyes will twinkle!
Yankee doodle, etc.

Lord Chesterfield, old pigtailed beau,
Composed a book of letters,
To teach young fellers, no ways slow,
The manners of their betters.
They learn far better to behave
In this here land of Freedom,
Where none but Nigger is a slave,
Than boys in old Grandeedom.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Demeanor has its nateral laws
Which governs every motion.
How beautiful we smokes and chaws
You'll now acquire some notion.
As Wales our fashions will import,
In them there pints of breedin',
And set a pattern to the Court
Which knows 'em but by readin'.
Yankee doodle, etc.

To liquor up in handsome style,
Instructing your great noodles,
He'll bid Newcastle make Argyll
And Beaufort timberdoodles,
Mint juleps, which they learnt to brew
Beneath our starry banners,
And also Sherry Cobblers, tu
Mend your old English Manners.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The horizontal attitude,
With legs upon the table,
Outstretched at easy latitude,
And length consider*able*,
By Wales the nobles will be taught;
And people's imitation
Of them, the custom, slick as thought,
Will spread throughout the nation.
Yankee doodle, etc.

New York in dancing goes ahead,
Some chalks, of Paris city,
If we ha'n't shown him how to tread
A polka, tis a pity.
Deportment's larnt with dancing, so,
Now Wales can show his mother
On one hand how we shakes the toe,
And rests the heels on t'other.
Yankee doodle, etc.

SIMPLE SONGS FOR SIMPLE SINGERS.

I. *Il Penseroso.*

I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Jane,
I heave a deep-drawn sigh;
A quiver, see, is on my lip,
A tear is in my eye:
And wouldst thou ask me whence the pang
That fills my heart with pain?
'Tis simply that I'm called away
From my dear darling Jane!

I may no longer now delay,
The cab is at the gate;
The fare is six-pence extra, love,
If I should longer wait.
Farewell! 'tis business calls me forth—
At six I'll come again,
And bring perhaps a friend to dine
With my dear darling Jane!

II. *L'Allegro.*

I have always a welcome for thee;
And prithee what more can I say?
So look in some evening to tea,
And then we will go to the play.
Or if you'd prefer, dear, to dine,
'Twill be equally pleasant to me:
Or say that you'll drop in to wine,
I have always a welcome for thee!

I commonly breakfast at ten;
But if that be too early for you,
It would make me the happiest of men
To see you to lunch, love, at two.
I care not how oft I'm looked up,
Such intrusions are pleasant to me:
Come to breakfast, lunch, dine, tea, or sup—
I have always a welcome for thee!

III. *Il Segreto.*

I am a merry, laughing girl,
As every one may see;
And I can keep my hair in curl,
And I can make the tea.
I've learnt to dance, to sing, and play,
As every lady should:
And if I promised to "obey"—
Now, do you think I would?

A nice young man I lately met,
His name I may not tell,
And in the course of the "First Set"
He vowed he loved me well.
He dances sweetly, I confess,
He owned *my* pace was good,
And if he asks me to say "yes—"
Now, *do* you think I would?

When does "Lovely Woman stoop to folly?" When she stoops to put on her Crinoline.

A VERY EASY ONE.

Why is the New Zealander taking his long-promised sketch of St. Paul's like a school-boy that is being flogged?
Because he's "ketching it" (*sketching it*).

Button your coat to the chin when a proud man begins to flatter you. His assaults upon your understanding betray only a further design upon your pocket or your principles.

A TART REPLY.—When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a laborer was once brought into court as a witness. When he came up to be sworn, his lordship said to him—"Really, witness, when you have to appear before the court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."—"What do you mean, Sir?" asked his lordship, angrily.—"Why, faith," said the laborer, "you come here in your working clothes, and I come in mine."

I'LL TELL YOU BY-AND-BY.—"Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge; are you guilty or not guilty?"—"Faith that is difficult for your Honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the ividence."

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady, to whom he had once paid his addresses, murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I wanted to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

An apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, with a hope of disconcerting a young clergyman, whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the hearing of a large company—"Why the patriarchs of old lived to such an extreme age?" To which the clergyman replied—"I suppose the ancient patriarchs took no physic."

At dinner, one day, Mr. Rogers related a story of a nervous gentleman who kept a fire-escape—a kind of sack, in which he could lower himself from his window. Being suddenly awakened one night by the sound, as he thought, of the wheels of a fire-engine, followed by a tremendous knocking at the door, he descended in his sack in great haste, and reached the street just in time to hand his wife (who had been to the opera) out of her carriage.

A cowardly fellow, much given to apparent courage, or boasting (as most cowards are), having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether it was meant in *earnest*. "Yes, Sir," replied the other, without hesitation. The coward, thinking he should have frightened him, turned away, saying, "I am glad of it, for I do not like such *jests*."

"Hallo, driver, your wheel is going round!" sang out a little urchin to a cab-driver, who was driving furiously through the street, the other day. Cabby pulled up, and looked anxiously first on one side and then on the other. "You needn't look now; it is stopped!" coolly added the provoking little rascal.

A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt-end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt-end!"

"My dear Sir," said Dr. Cowheel, the other day, to Bob Dry, the famous cricketer—"my dear Sir, you must really think of having your son vaccinated without delay. Splendid discovery, vaccination, ahem! The immortal Jenner."

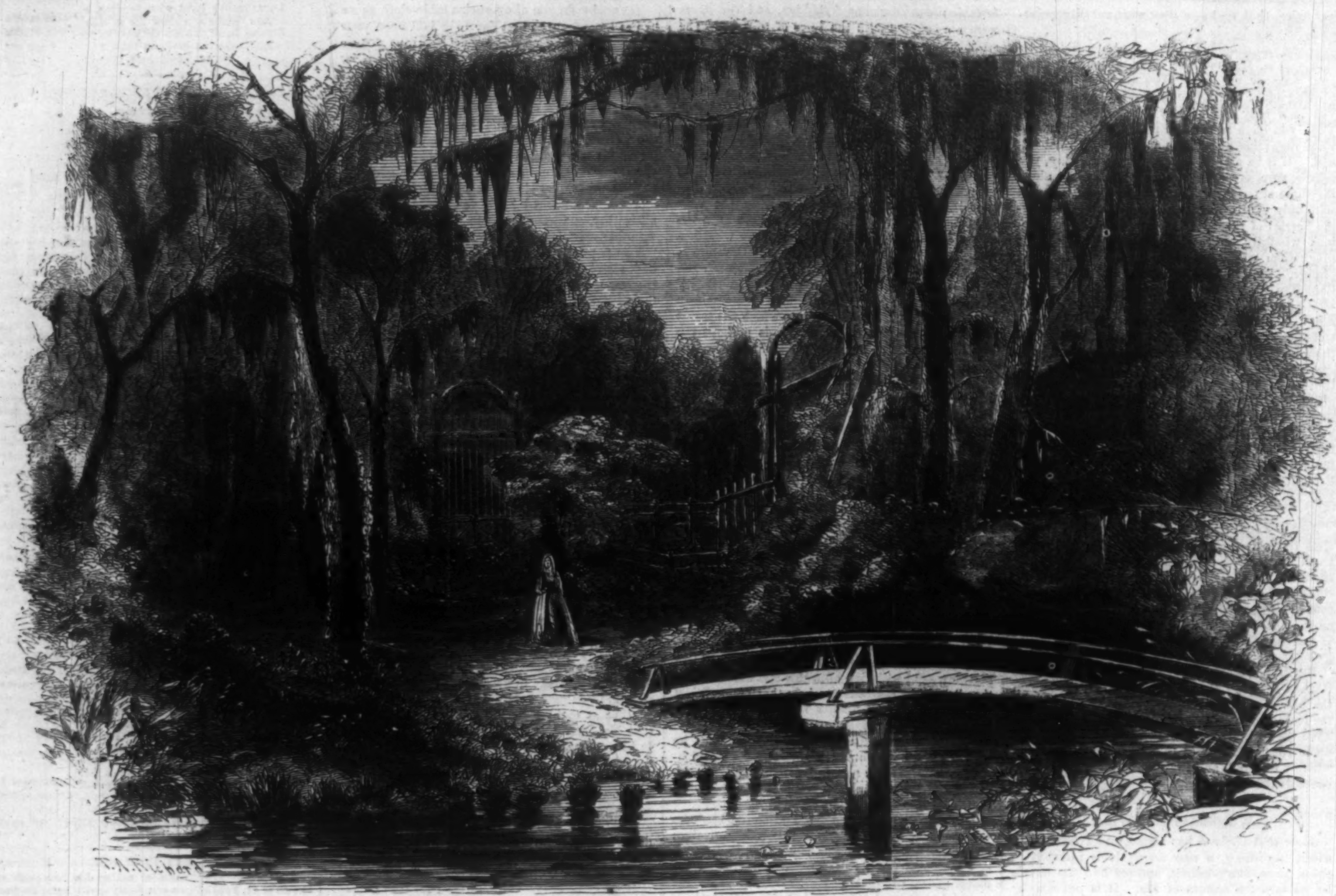
"Ah, yes, just so," replied Bob, "splendid discovery, and all that sort of thing; but don't you think, Doctor, it's just possible that since that time its virtue may have somewhat *de-Jennerated!*"

A young lady who was employed in braiding a guard-chain for a gentleman's watch, was asked what it was for. "A bell-rope, Sir," replied she.

"I acknowledge it is a *belle*-rope," rejoined he, "and a pretty one, too; but I suspect we shall find a *beau* attached to it when it is finished."

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollering for when I go by?"

"Humph!" returned the pert boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollering?"



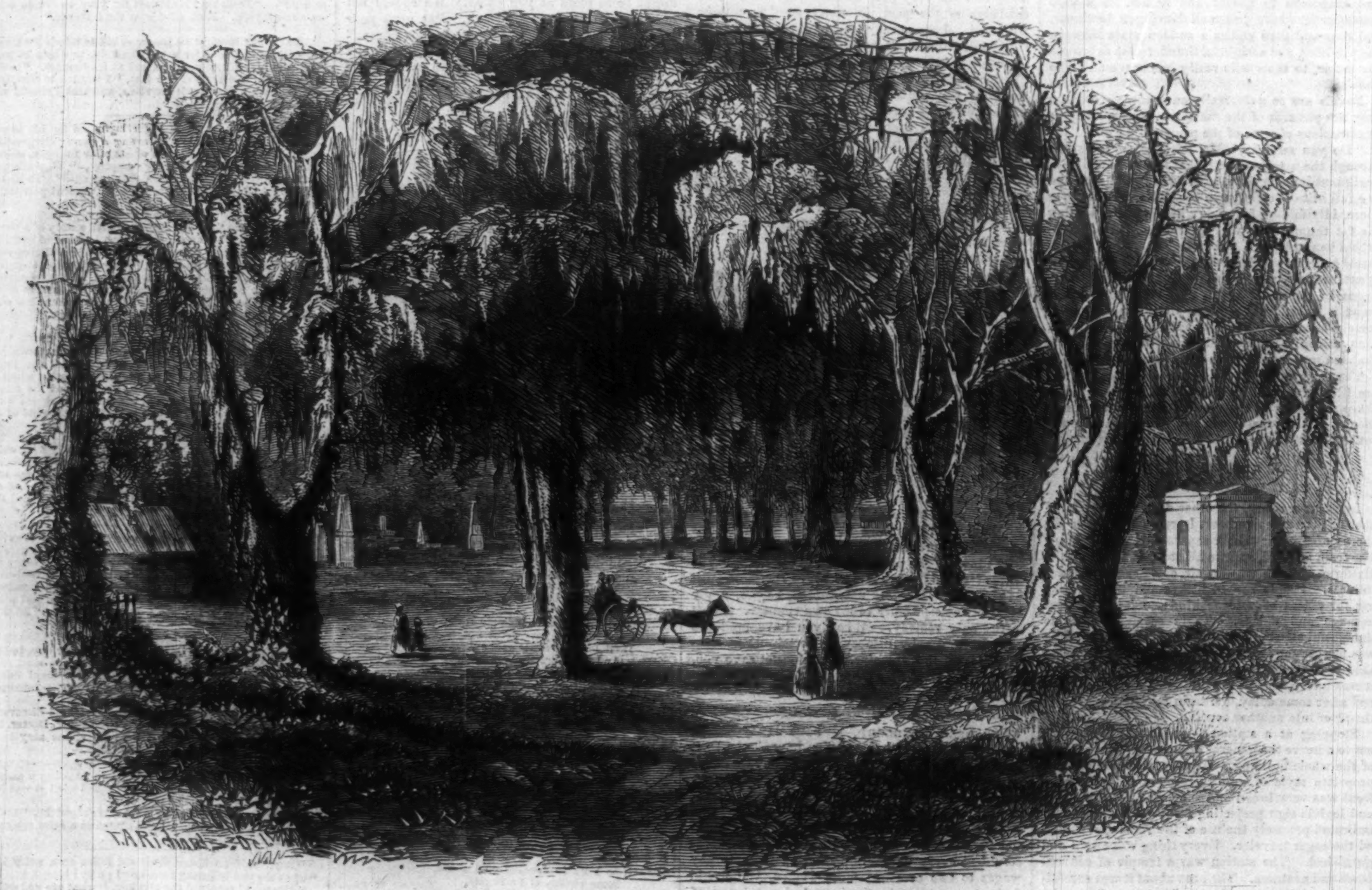
ENTRANCE TO BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

BONAVENTURE CEMETERY AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

WE publish herewith two beautiful pictures of Bonaventure Cemetery, about four miles from Savannah, Georgia. It is, perhaps, one of the most lovely cemeteries in the country.

Dr. Mackay, in his "Life and Liberty in America," says: "There is nothing like it in America, or perhaps in the world. Its melancholy loveliness once seen can never be forgotten. Dull, indeed, must be the imagination, and cold the fancy of any one who could wander through its weird and fairy avenues without being deeply impressed with its solemnity and appropriateness for the last resting-place of the dead."

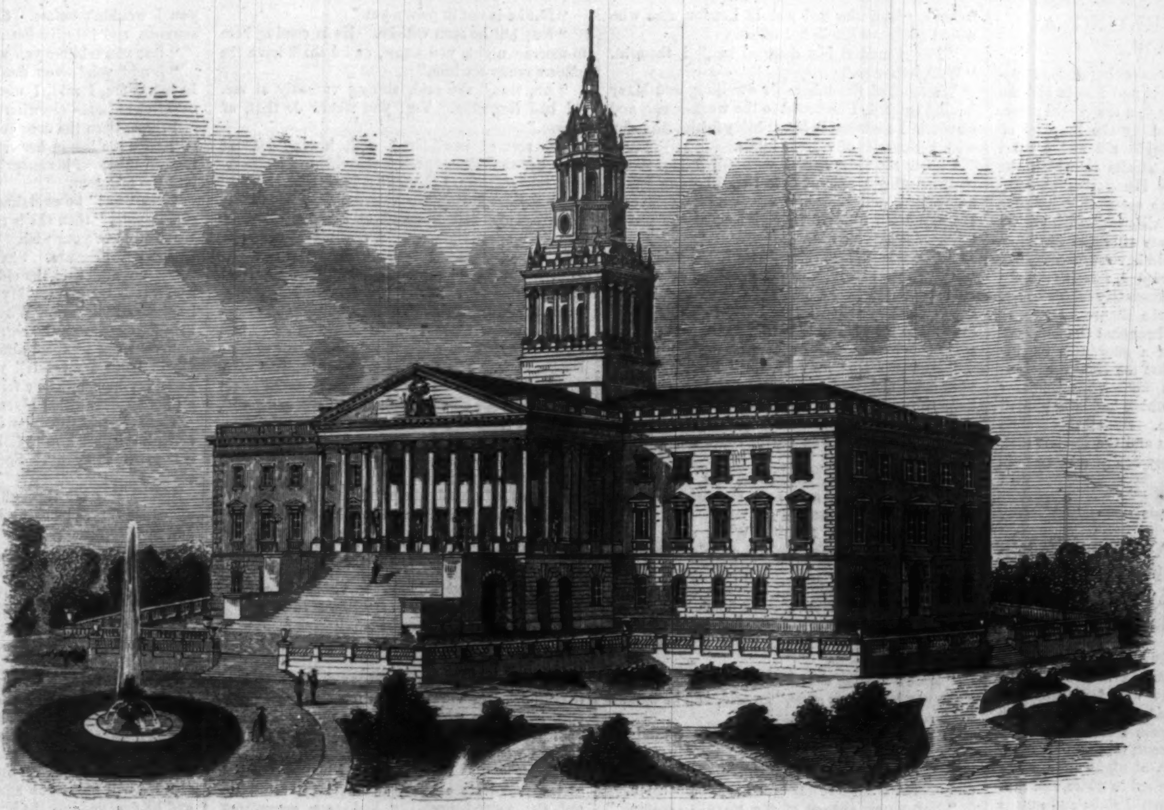
Bonaventure was for years the residence of the Tatnall family, and is the birth-place of Colonel Josiah Tatnall—a prominent officer in the American Revolution, and subsequently Governor of Georgia. It was originally settled by Colonel Tatnall's grandfather, Colonel Mulnyne—an old English gentleman, who came out with the early founders of the colony of Georgia. This gentleman—and not Mr. Tatnall, as Dr. Mackay states—"though he came to a forest land where trees were considered a nuisance, admired the park-like beauty around the great country mansions of the nobility and gentry in his native England, and, while every one else in the colony was cutting down trees, made himself busy in planting them. Having built himself a house on the estate of Bonaventure, he planted an avenue, or carriage-drive, leading up to its porch, and the tree he chose was the evergreen oak (commonly known as the 'live-oak'), next to the cypress and magnolia the noblest tree in the Southern States. In due time, long after the good man's death, the trees attained a commanding height, and from their boughs hung the long, feathery festoons of the tillandsia or Spanish moss, that lends such melancholy beauty to much of the Southern landscape." In the shadow of the wild-wood around this place the Tatnalls were buried; but the place has passed from the hands of the family, and is now owned by W. H. Wiltberger, Esq., proprietor of the "Pulaski House," at Savannah, "who, finding the tombstones of the Tatnalls and others in the ground,



BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

had a portion set aside for the purposes of a public cemetery."

"Never," says Dr. Mackay, from whom we have already quoted extensively, correcting his errors—"never was a place more beautifully adapted by nature for such an object. The mournful avenues of live-oak, and the equally mournful glades that pierce on every side into the profuse and tangled wilderness, are all hung with the funereal drapery of the tillandsia. To those who have never seen this peculiar vegetation it may be difficult to convey an adequate idea of its sadness and loveliness. It looks as if the very trees, instinct with life, had vailed themselves like mourners at a grave, or as if the fogs and vapors of the marshes had been solidified by some stroke of electricity, and hung from the trees in palpable wreaths, swinging and swaying with every motion of the winds. Not unlike the effect produced by the tattered banners hung from the roofs of Gothic cathedrals as trophies of war in the olden time, or to mark the last resting-places of knights and nobles, is the effect of these long streamers pending from the overarching boughs of the forest. Many of them are so long as to trail upon the ground from a height of twenty or thirty feet, and many of the same length, drooping from the topmost branches of oak and cypress, dangle in mid-air."



THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

WE publish herewith an engraving of the new State House which is in course of erection at Columbia, South Carolina. It will be one of the finest State Houses in the country, and will cost something like four millions of dollars.

Columbia is probably one of the most beautiful inland towns in our whole country. It contains some ten thousand inhabitants; is not only the seat of Legislation, but of the State College—a venerable institution under the patronage of the State, which has sent into the field a host of Carolina worthies, among whom we need only enumerate Hugh J. Legaré, W. C. Preston, James L. Petigru, C. G. Memminger, etc., as among its first graduates. The trade of Columbia is large, and its population steadily on the increase. Among its public buildings are those of the college, which are numerous, of ample size, and of solid and commanding structure; those of the "Arsenal Academy"—a military school, on the plan of *L'Ecole Polytechnique* (a State institution also)—a well-conceived establishment, very beautifully situated; and the "Lunatic Asylum," founded also by the State, and maintained by annual appropriations of the Legislature, whenever its own income proves inadequate to its necessities. The military school at Columbia (called the "Arsenal") is the preparatory school for the principal institution at Charleston, called the "Citadel Academy." To the college of the State, as to their military school, there are large annual appropriations which cover the education and support of about one hundred beneficiaries.

Standing on the high banks of the "rolling Congaree"—here a river of rapids—Columbia surveys, all around her, a prospect of exquisite beauty and magnificence. The falls of the Congaree just above her—the junction, at her feet, of the two rivers, Broad and Saluda, which blend to form the Congaree; her water-works; the broad rich fields of culture just beyond; her public and private edifices; her wide streets; her lovely gardens—all unite to render her unique in the charms of situation, of embellishment, of art, and nature. Standing on the walls of the new State Capitol, now rapidly approaching its highest elevation, nothing can be more exquisite than the prospect on every hand.

The following description of the new State House is from an official source:

"The State House now being built at Columbia will eventually stand in the centre of an open square of from twelve to fourteen acres of ground, which is to be laid out and planted as a handsome park. The building rises from a stone terrace, five feet in height above the ground, twenty-five feet in width, surrounding the whole of the edifice, and ornamented by a stone balustrade. The building is cruciform in its plan; its extreme dimensions on the major axis, running east and west, being 262 feet in length, and on the minor axis, from north to south, 172 feet; with a height of 68 feet from the ground to the top of the cornice, and is divided into a basement with two stories above it, each of which has a clear height of about 19 feet. The legislative halls and library, situated on the principal floor, run up through both stories, thus giving them a clear height of 40 feet. The building is composed in the Roman-Corinthian style, with two porticoes above the basement at the centre, facing respectively north and south. The receding vestibule front, forming the main entrance from the northern portico, is constructed entirely of white marble. The principal floor, occupied by the legislative halls, is directly accessible from the exterior through the vestibule and the northern portico, by a grand flight of granite steps 90 feet in width, and ascending from the stone terrace below.

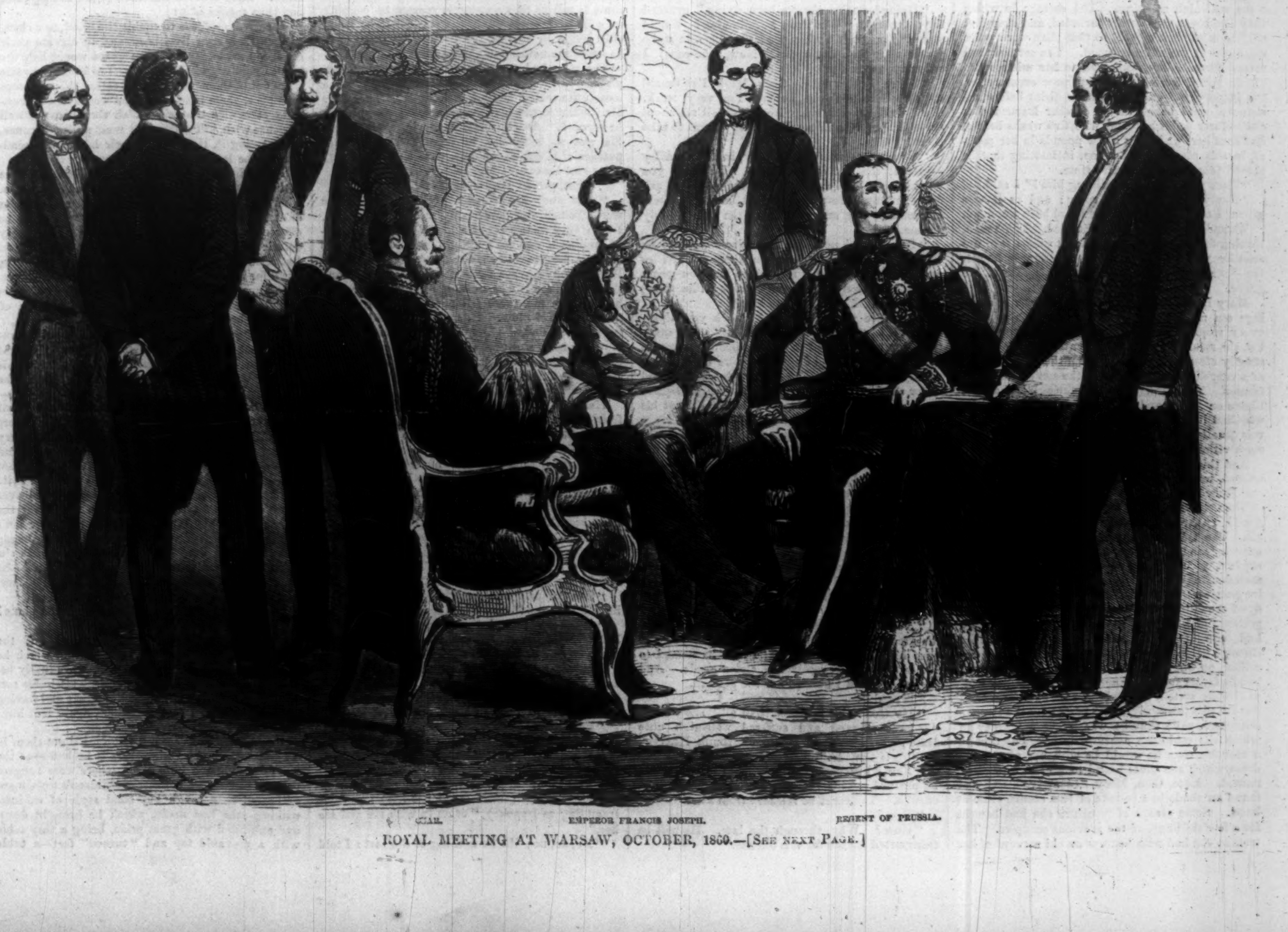
"The entrance hall, leading from the principal doorway, is 30 feet in width, and 65 feet in length, intersected by the connecting hall, running east and west, which is 20 feet in width, and 140 feet in length.

"The Senate Chamber, occupying the eastern end of the building, is 44 feet by 74 feet in size; the Representative Hall, being in the western end, is 62 feet by 74 feet in size, with galleries over the retiring rooms affording accommodation for some three hundred persons. The central part of the southern portion of the building contains the Library, 45 feet by 82 feet in size—all three of these apartments running up through both stories, 40 feet in height.

"The basement story of the building is intersected by the two halls, crossing each other on the two main axes of the building; thus affording access from the four cardinal points, and contains on the remainder of this floor apartments for the Governor, Treasurer, Controller, and other State officers; also committee rooms, and vaults for State records, papers, etc. The ceilings of the Library, Representative Hall, and Senate Chamber are to be entirely of iron, in ornamental panels, etc. All the floors will be paved with marble tiles, in ornamental patterns.

"One of the principal features in the main front will be the colossal figures, filling the whole of the tympanum of the pediment of the northern portico—a space of 90 feet in length, by 13 feet in height. On this work the eminent sculptor, Henry Kirk Brown, is now engaged preparing the models. It will consist of about fourteen colossal figures, cut of marble, in alto-relievo, representing the State and its principal agricultural industry—the cotton and rice culture, with its accessories.

"The whole of the exterior of the building is constructed of granite of very superior quality and beauty, which is brought to the building by a railway, constructed expressly for the purpose, from the quarry, about three miles distant, and lying directly on the bank of the Congaree River."


CZAR.
EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.
REGENT OF PRUSSIA.

ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW, OCTOBER, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ROYAL MEETING AT WARSAW.

WE publish herewith an engraving of the meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the Regent of Prussia, at Warsaw, a few weeks since. The meeting was summoned by the Emperor of Austria, who, evidently, sought aid and counsel from his co-despots in the straits to which the Italian Revolution and the Hungarian uprising have reduced him. It is no secret that his idea was to reorganize the Holy Alliance, which proved so disastrous to human liberty after the Battle of Waterloo. Whether he would have succeeded, had the conference been uninterrupted, remains a question; the meeting was, unfortunately for his hopes, broken up by the death of the Empress Dowager of Russia. Since then we hear that the Emperor Francis-Joseph only sought a guarantee for his Italian possessions; also, that the Emperor Alexander of Russia assured his brother, the Emperor Napoleon of France, that nothing had been plotted against him at the conference. But all this is mere guess-work. The Emperors and the Regent met, and separated, but what they really said and did no one knows.

THE STORY OF A BRITISH RELIEVING OFFICER.

ONE November afternoon, several years ago, I had concluded the distribution of relief for the day, and prepared to go home.

It was dark when I left the Union Office to walk to my home, which was about a mile out of the town. The last part of my way lay through a little piece of field, which had an evil character in the neighborhood. The reason I could never exactly learn; but the story went, that in that field, once at least in every year, at night time, there appeared a female figure clothed in white, and that from this apparition there issued sighs and moans most grievous to listen to. I had traversed the field at night hundreds of times, and not a vestige of any female in white had I seen; so I was, of course, an unbeliever in the tale. This evening I had just stepped over the stile, when—I must confess, very much to my amazement—the sound of deep sobbing came distinctly to my ear. I really do not see why I should not own, further, that my heart's action increased a trifle as I peered about to see the cause; and that when, a few yards off, I could perceive a white figure making toward me, I felt an unusual perspiration overspread my forehead.

It *was* a woman, all in white, too, and crying bitterly.

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be such an arrant fool," said I to myself, as I half turned to retreat. At the same moment down fell the figure on the grass. I went to it. It was no spectre, but a poor woman, evidently very ill, and in great trouble. I elicited from her that she had set out from her cottage, a little distance off, to seek her servant, who had left her some hours before to go into the town. Questioning a little more closely, I discovered that this distressed gentlewoman (for she was evidently above the common rank) was in a state of utter destitution, and that she and her faithful domestic were well-nigh starving. The cottage in which they lived was completely secluded, and they had only been there a month, so that they were quite strangers in the neighborhood. The servant had sallied forth to-day, unknown to her mistress, to obtain relief, having no notion, poor creature, of the inquiry and examination requisite before assistance could be given. I further learned that the sufferer had a husband, who, five weeks before, had sent her, with only a few pounds in her pocket, to this place from London, intimating that he should join her in a month's time.

"Then you are now expecting him?" I said.

"Every day," was the reply; and as it was given, I staggered as though I had been wounded.

Wounded! Ay, I *was* wounded. The moon, shining forth suddenly, revealed to me a face not seen for years, but never forgotten—never forgotten—and never will be by me this side of the grave.

Mary Leslie and I had both been born in a village ten miles distant. Suited for each other in every respect, I would have made her my wife, but she refused me. Her parents both died, and, shortly after, she ran away from the guardianship of a very distant relative with the son of a wealthy farmer. The farmer, who was furious, laid all the blame on Mary, and declared her an artful minx, who had inveigled his son. I know better. She was cruelly deceived, and Mark Sedley was a thorough villain.

And this poor face, so ghastly pale, so worn and wasted, was Mary's face.

"Mary!" I gasped.

Then she recognized me in a moment, and with a wild cry threw her arms about me. She told me all. The tale was dreadful, worse even than I expected, and I had been full of misgiving. Such neglect, such cruelty, such fiendish ingenuity in maliciousness, as had been exhibited toward the long-enduring and still loving wife, by her double-dyed scoundrel of a husband, I, with all my experience of life, could not have conceived. They had been in the depths of poverty; but either through pride, or an impression of its probable inutility, no application had been made to her husband's father for assistance. One day Sedley had, as already stated, ordered her to depart from London for this town, giving no reason for the strange command, save that he was going a journey in which she could not accompany him, but that in a month's time he would be with her at any address which she should send to him at a place he named. Here, then, Mary had arrived, and had found an abode in a cottage of two rooms, close at hand. Some scraps of furniture she had bought for a few shillings, of the previous occupier. The woman she had with her was an old servant of her father's, whom she had met in London, and who would not leave her in her trouble.

"The scoundrel has deserted her," I thought. "Well, better so."

We reached the miserable dwelling, and Mary having entered, I hastened to the work-house, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Sedley forthwith laden with necessaries of various kinds.

I knew the elder Sedley was still living, so the next morning I rode over to the village in which he resided, and told him my painful discovery. He expressed himself very pleased at the probability of seeing his son.

"A noble fellow, Mr. Jones," he said, with warmth; "a manly, upright youth as ever lived. Ah! what might he not have been had he not been ruined by that wretched artful girl!"

It made me mad to hear him speak thus; but it was not wise to quarrel with him.

"However that may be, Sir," I said, "she is your son's wife, and I have told you her condition. Something must be done for her."

"Do you expect me to do any thing for her, Mr. Jones? Now, did you really come ten miles to ask me to help her?"

"Certainly I did. Good Heavens, Mr. Sedley, she was starving—would have starved, had I not met with her! Come and see her."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I will. When she's in her coffin you let me know, and I'll come—with pleasure."

Horrified and disgusted, I shrunk from the implacable old brute, and returned home.

It was evening when I reached the Union Office. My assistant was affixing a placard to the notice-board outside.

"Here's a thing that has created a bit of a stir since you have been gone," he said, and he handed me a copy of the placard.

It announced a highway robbery committed some fifteen miles off, described certain articles stolen, furnished close particulars of the robber, and offered a large reward for his apprehension.

"Not much chance of the rascal's escaping," remarked Mr. Flack. "Why, here's a complete portrait: 'Singularly prominent front upper teeth; scar on left cheek; very light hair; squints;' and a lot beside. Oh, he'll be nabbed, to a certainty."

I put the placard in my pocket, and proceeded to Mary Sedley's cottage. As I journeyed, the marked description of the as yet uncaptured robber dwelt on my mind. The reward was considerable, would be very welcome, even to me. Had I ever seen such? Mercy! It flashed across my mind. Yes, there could be no mistake: the account tallied to a nicety with the exterior, as I knew it formerly, of Mark Sedley. I was exceedingly startled, and stopped to think, when my attention was suddenly arrested, as follows:

I was in the "haunted field." On one side of me was a high bank, with a hedge at top. Above me, on the other side of this hedge, were evidently two people talking. I listened; for the circumstance was strange in that place and at that hour.

"You miserable magpie!" was growled in a manner which I knew well, though I had not heard it for years; "I'm a good mind to pitch you over the hedge, you never-ending chatterer."

"Indeed, Mark!" I heard Mary Sedley reply, "I couldn't help it. I was dying—really dying for want of food."

"Dying! you've always been dying," grunted the scoundrel. "What now? Sniveling? What! at seeing me, is it? when the sight ought to make you happier than any queen. Now, take care! I only say, TAKE CARE!"

"There, I have done. Now, Mark, I've ceased crying: but don't be harsh; I'm very weak. Well, well, never mind. Now just tell me about these things. To whom did you say I was to take them?"

"To a man named Isaac Levy, in Hulk's Alley—just at the end of the town. You'll say you want to sell them, and he'll buy them. He'll ask no questions. To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, I'll come to you, and you'll have the money ready for me."

"But, Mark! now, Mark! I don't want to be curious; I won't ask you again where the articles came from; but do tell me, where are you going to, and how long shall you be away this time; and, dear Mark, how am I to live?"

"How are you to live, eh? Look you, Mary, my love, if you bother me with any more questions, you sha'n't need to ask me again how you're to live. You go and do what you're told; that's enough for you. Now be off, double quick. And as for that old friend of yours, Mr. Jones, I'll square accounts with him all in good time. I'll cut his throat, Mary: you see if I don't."

Then they seemed to separate. I watched about, and saw Mary enter her cottage. I followed her immediately. She screamed loudly.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!" she gasped, sinking into a chair; "how you frightened me!"

"Mary Sedley," I said, somewhat sternly, taking up a watch and other things which she had just laid on the table, "where did these come from?"

"Oh, never mind! give them me. They are—"

"Mary, they are plunder; the fruits of a highway robbery, and the robber was—"

"No, no, no!" she shrieked. "I will not believe it!" she cried, divining my next speech.

"Now be calm, and let me tell you. I heard the greater part of what passed between you and your husband just now. The man he named to you is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. And read this;" and I handed her the placard.

She read it.

"My God! this is worse than all," she wailed. "I have starved and suffered well-nigh unto death; yes, almost to death, oh, thank Heaven! but this is terrible."

"Now," I resumed, "there is but one course to be pursued. This ruffian has tortured you long enough. You must be released from him."

"How?"

"How? Why, through the law. He will be transported for life for this offense."

"But he is not in prison yet."

"No; but he soon will be. He is coming here to-morrow night, you know, and I shall have the officers ready for him."

"Ah, true," she said, staring vacantly at me. "I had forgotten. Yes; you would do that, of course."

She seemed bewildered, and, having learned from her that she expected the old servant to return immediately, I thought it best to leave her.

As I passed from the cottage, I pondered her strange look, and lingered at a short distance. The door opened gently. I saw her come forth, look about, close the door, and then run in the direction of the "haunted field" at the top of her speed. The idea immediately occurred to me, "She is seeking Sedley to warn him against coming to-morrow night." I followed. It was perfectly dark, but her white dress enabled me to keep her in view. The field was reached. She wandered about, but found no one. She crossed again into the road, I still following as quietly as I could. Suddenly she stopped. She had come upon Sedley walking onward. She touched him on the back, and he sprung round with a cry of alarm and an oath.

"It is I, Mark—I, Mary. I've had such a run, I can hardly speak; I want to tell—"

"You've followed me, have you? Curse you, body and soul. There," and he felled her to the earth.

"Mark, one word," said the victim, in a voice but little above a whisper. "It was to save—"

"What, you won't cease chattering? There, and there," and he kicked her as she lay. "Now go home."

Great God of heaven! Through the mouth of that murdering villain was uttered the most merciful injunction which had fallen upon poor Mary Sedley's ear for many a long day, "Go home;" and she went home—to God.

Strong man as I am and was, I had turned sick at the first terrific blow, and before I could cry out, the second brutality had been committed. Then I shouted, and rushed forward. Sedley decamped, and I raised Mary, and ran with her, as quickly as I could, back to the cottage. The old servant was still absent. I laid the sufferer on her miserable couch, and leaned over her.

She was dead. Terribly reduced and enfeebled as she had been, the violence had completed the tragedy. She was at peace. Her effort to save her husband had resulted in bringing liberty to herself. I threw open the little window, and as I gazed at the bright stars above me I found myself again and again repeating—

"She is at peace. Thank God, she *is* gone home!"

The following night our Inspector of Police, one of his men, and I, set out from the town for the cottage. It was wretched weather. The snow fell fast, the wind blew, and the cold was piercing. We arrived. In the course of the day Mary Sedley had been placed in her humble coffin.

It was arranged that the constable should lie crouched under a hedge outside the cottage, while the Inspector and I should remain in the bedroom, so that Sedley might be fairly in the house at the time of his capture, which would thereby be rendered more easy. Thus we were all placed, rather before nine o'clock, when the constable outside came to tell us that a struggle seemed to be going on a little distance off in the road; but he could only judge by sounds, for the night was so dark he could see nothing at the smallest distance.

The man had scarcely returned to his hiding-place, when the door of the cottage opened, and a most unexpected arrival took place. The elder Mr. Sedley made his appearance. I met him as he entered. An alarming spectacle he presented. He was so bedabbled in snow and mud, with patches of blood, as scarcely to be recognizable.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Sedley," I exclaimed.

"What, you? And in that state!"

"And you, Mr. Jones? Why, what in the world brings you here? My story is soon told. I have been longer about a journey than I expected, and as it was such a night, and so late, I was making for your town, intending to sleep there. But you have queer folks about. Coming along the lane where it was so dark I could not see my hand before me, there fell upon the back of my head an awful blow. I dare say the villain who gave it me spied, dark as it was, my plentiful crop of white hair, and that encouraged him to try to rob me. But he reckoned wrongly. I'm old, but I'm not weak, and with the aid of 'Finisher' here, I'll match any man now."

Here Mr. Sedley exhibited a formidable cudgel, from the knob of which, on the pressing a spring, there darted forth three or four little spikes.

"Well, I kept my legs, and in a moment my enemy and 'Finisher' had made acquaintance. The scoundrel gave an awful growl, and somehow managed to touch me in the chest, and nearly settled me. However, I rallied, and then, judging from his white coat, as well as I could, where his face would be, I brought 'Finisher' down upon him with my utmost strength. I believe it made an end of him. I hope it did. But I treated the villain to a third taste, and then I left him."

"Heaven pity the wretch! Why, you must have killed him!"

"Dare say—saved the hangman the trouble. But tell me, Mr. Jones, first, in whose place am I, that you should be here at this hour?"

Mauled as he had been, I was really sorry to excite him further; but I was so afraid of his vile son arriving that I answered at once—

"You are in your son Mark's cottage."

"Lord have mercy upon me! Then Mary Sedley lives here—is in that other room, I suppose."

"She don't live here, but she lies in that other room."

"Eh?" he said, puzzled.

"Mr. Sedley" (and I could not help my voice trembling as I spoke), "come in with me and see her."

"No, no, no; I'll do nothing of the sort: I told you I wouldn't before. She'll plague me for assistance, and I'll give her none—not a penny."

"But you told me you would see her."

"*I* told you!—you don't speak the truth, Sir. In her coffin, I said, I would see her, gladly, but never elsewhere—elsewhere never."

I threw open the door between the tiny rooms.

"Then see her in her coffin!" I cried; and, taking advantage of his surprise, I moved him gently into the bedroom.

"My God!" he exclaimed, staggering from the coffin's side, "then she is really dead!"

"You have your wish. No doubt you feel your anticipated pleasure. She *is* dead."

"After all," said the old man, recovering himself, "it is better so. My son is free. You said he was coming here. Why, what is the policeman here for—to watch the corpse?"

"Your son I expect almost immediately," I replied; "but I must tell you there is no time to avoid it; he comes as a felon, and he will go away a prisoner—read that placard."

He had great difficulty in doing it; but he saw enough to cause him to fall back against the wall, and groan in agony. Suddenly he sprang to the coffin.

"And this all through you!" he yelled, with demoniac fury, clenching his fist at the poor clay, and looking, besmeared as he was with blood, like a fiend incarnate. "You, you wretch—*you*, who seduced him; you, who took him from his home, from me; who ruined him; who— What was that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"For the love of God, Mary! open the door," said a faint voice without; "I am dying—some water—some water."

"It is *his* voice. I know it—I know it," gasped the old man, clutching me by the shoulder. "I have not forgotten it;" and before any of us, he had reached the door and opened it.

"Run away, Mark, run," he shouted. "They are waiting for you. Away for your life!"

"He will never run again," said the Inspector; and he dragged into the hut a prostrate body which lay outside.

Merciful Heaven! what a sight it was! A man in a long white coat, saturated at the upper part with blood, and his forehead almost undistinguishable from bleeding wounds.

"Lord! Lord!" moaned the wretched being; "I am quite blind now—water—water—I'm dy—dy—" And he died.

Then the little hut, and the country round, rung with shouts of "Mark! Mark! Mark! My son! my son!"—for reason left the miserable father; and, escaping from our hold, he fled forth into the field, the darkness, the snow, the rain, reckless and mad.

He had slain his son, and in self-defense.

Mary was avenged.

HOW TO HELP THE BLIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

AN association has lately been formed in England for the improvement of the condition of the blind. Miss Muloch has been to see the asylum, and thus speaks of it:

The great object is to enable the blind, as a class, to earn their own livelihood, and to elevate their condition generally. If the sighted would help the blind by acting to them the part of levers, to raise them out of their present state, rather than of props to support them in it—the blind would most thankfully recognize that aid which they can not well dispense with, but which they most prefer, because, in accepting it, they reduce their honest independence in the least possible degree.

This principle of the cultivation of independence is the greatest and best feature of the Association. Charity is a blessed thing, when all other modes of assistance fail; but till then, it should never be offered to any human being; for it will assuredly deteriorate, enervate, and ultimately degrade him. Let him, to the last effort of which he is capable, work for himself, trust to himself, educate and elevate himself. Show him how to do this—help him to help himself, and you will every day make of him a higher and happier being.

So thought I, while watching a lad of only twenty-one, who three years before had lost first sight and then hearing. Totally deaf and blind, his only communication with the outer world is by the sense of touch. Yet it was such a bright face—such a noble head and brow—you saw at once what a clever man he would have made. And there was such a refinement about him, down to his very hands, so delicately shaped, so quick, flexible, and dexterous in their motions—the sort of hands that almost invariably make music, paint pictures, write poems. Nothing of that sort, alas! would ever come out of the silent darkness in which, for the remainder of his days, lay buried this poor lad's soul. Yet when Mr. Levy, taking his hand, began to talk to him on it—the only way by which the blind can communicate with the deaf-blind—he turned round the most affectionate delighted face, and caught the sentence at once.

"P-l-a plane. Lady wanting to see me plane? I'll get the board in a minute."

The voice was somewhat unnatural, and the words slowly put together, as if speech, which he could still use, but never hear, were gradually becoming a difficulty to him. But he set to his carpentering with the most vivid delight; and having planed and sawed for our benefit, again lent himself to Mr. Levy's conversation.

"Lady wishes to see my toys? I'll get them in a minute." And as nimbly as if he had eyes the lad mounted to a high shelf, where were ranged, orderly in a row, a number of children's toys, manufactured in a rough but solid style of cabinet-making—the last made, which he brought down and exhibited with great pride, being a tiny table with a movable top and "turned" feet—a table that would be the envy of some ambitious young carpenter of seven years old, and the pride and glory of his sister's dolls' tea-party; as it may be yet—to bairns I know. How its maker's face kindled at the touch of the silver coin and the shake of the hand, which was the only way in which our bargain could be transacted.

"She's bought my table. Lady's bought my table." And then, with a sudden fit of conscientiousness, "Who shall I give the money to?" evidently thinking it ought to be counted among his week's wages, paid by the Association.

I inquired how much he earned.

"Seventeen shillings a week, and could earn much more if we only had it to give him. But even that makes a great difference. When he came, he was so moping and down-hearted, chiefly, he said, because it grieved him to be dependent on his two sisters. Now he is all right, and the merriest fellow possible. I asked him the other day if he were happy. 'Happy!' he said, 'to be sure I am. What have I to make me otherwise? It would be a great shame if I were any thing but happy.'"

Poor soul—poor simple, blessed soul! the greatest man on earth might be less enviable than this lad, totally deaf and blind.

I have thus given a plain account of what I saw and heard that day. Any one with more time, more money, and more practical wisdom to spare, could hardly expend them better than in becoming "eyes to the blind" by a few visits to 127 Euston Road.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The votes have been counted in several States. In Pennsylvania, Lincoln received 268,030 votes; Fusion, 178,871; Douglas, 16,677; and Bell, 12,809.—Lincoln's majority over Fusion, 89,159; over all, 59,673. In Illinois, Lincoln gets 172,545; Douglas, 160,549; Bell, 4846; Breckinridge, 2272. The indications are that Bell carries Georgia, by about 2500 votes; Breckinridge, Florida, by about 3000; Bell, Virginia, by about 200. In New York, Lincoln gets 361,733; Fusion, 314,174.—Lincoln's majority, 47,557.

A SPEECH FROM MR. LINCOLN.

A telegram, dated Springfield, Illinois, Tuesday, Nov. 20, says: "The meeting of congratulation, which was at first intended for a county jubilee, has, unexpectedly, assumed gigantic proportions. An immense and excited crowd is in attendance, and the illumination is nearly universal, and brilliant beyond any thing ever seen in the West. All the public buildings, and a vast number of stores and dwellings, are ablaze with fantastic devices. In the dome of the State House four locomotive head-lights are blazing, clearly visible for many miles.

"A large procession of Wide Awakes has been parading. When they came to the residence of Mr. Lincoln they halted and called out the President elect with cheers that were irresistible. The tumult redoubled on his appearance. The storm of congratulation and clamor lasted many minutes, but quiet was at last restored, and Mr. Lincoln said:

"'FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—Please excuse me on this occasion from making a speech. I thank you for the kindness and compliment of this call. I thank you, in common with all others who have thought fit by their votes to indorse the Republican cause. [Applause.] I rejoice with you in the success which has so far attended that cause. [Applause.] Yet, in all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish any harsh feelings toward any citizen who, by his vote, has differed with us. [Loud cheering.] Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. [Immense applause.] Let me again beg you to accept my thanks, and to excuse me from further speaking at this time.'"

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT CHICAGO.

A telegram dated Chicago, November 22, says: "Mr. Hamlin, Vice-President-elect, arrived this morning and took quarters at the Tremont House, where Mr. Lincoln is stopping. At about ten o'clock this forenoon they were introduced to each other, it being the first time they have met since their nomination. Although they were once members of the same Congress—Lincoln in the House and Hamlin in the Senate—they never before formed an acquaintance, or even had an introduction. Mrs. Lincoln, attended by Mrs. Dodge, of Springfield, Mrs. Don Platt, of Ohio, and General Robinson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Gage, landlord of the Tremont, who introduced the parties, were present during the ceremony.

"Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin upon meeting avoided all stiffness or formality, and entered into a social conversation, which was soon interrupted by an invitation to visit the famous Wigwam, where they were nominated. This invitation was accompanied by the announcement that this famous building is about to be torn down, and therefore the visit must be made at once, which was done. The President and Vice-President-elect, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Platt, and attended by several gentlemen, accordingly entered carriages and proceeded to the Wigwam. After a short tarry the party visited the new Post-office, Custom-house, and United States Court building, and returned to their hotel."

SENATOR TRUMBULL ON SECESSION.

In a speech just delivered at Springfield, Illinois, Senator Trumbull said:

"Secession is an impracticability, or rather an impossibility. The Constitution provides no way by which a State may withdraw from the Union—no way for the dissolution of the Government it creates. The General Government interferes but little with the individual rights of the citizens, except for protection; it is chiefly felt in its benefits and its blessings—not in its exactions. If every Federal officer in South Carolina were to resign, their offices remain vacant, and its Legislature declare the State out of the Union, it would all amount to little except to inconvenience the citizens of that State. So long as the State did not interfere with the collection of the revenue on the seaboard, the people in other portions of the Union would not be in the least incommoded. What is the South Carolina army to do when raised? Whom is it to fight? Manifestly, if it commences a war on the United States officers engaged in collecting the revenue, it becomes the aggressor. This would be revolution, and making war without a cause, for South Carolina makes no complaint against the Revenue laws. Is she prepared for this—to become the aggressor?" He predicted a speedy reaction, and defended Mr. Breckinridge from the charge of disunion."

MR. LINCOLN NOT TO ENCROACH ON THE SOUTH.

Senator Trumbull also said that Mr. Lincoln, although the candidate of the Republican party, as Chief Magistrate will neither belong to that nor any other party. When inaugurated he will be the President of the whole country, and will be as ready to defend and protect the State in which he has not received a solitary vote against any encroachment upon its constitutional rights, as the one in which he has received the largest majority. The Republican party are fortunate that they have it now in their power to prove that they have never intended, and do not intend, any encroachment upon the rights of any State or one section.

THE ATTITUDE OF GEORGIA.

The Legislature of Georgia has passed the bill granting a million to arm the State. Governor Brown has recommended the Legislature to nominate electors, as no candidate has an absolute majority of the popular vote, as required by the laws of Georgia. The Legislature has authorized a State Convention, the election to take place on 2d January, and the Convention to meet on the Wednesday following.

ATTITUDE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

A telegram dated Raleigh, November 19, says: "Both branches of the Legislature assembled to-day. A strong Southern feeling is manifest.

"The Governor's Message, which will be sent in to-morrow, takes strong Southern grounds. It recommends a conference with the neighboring States, and then a State Convention on federal affairs. He recommends the enrollment of all men between eighteen and forty-five years, and also recommends the raising of a corps of ten thousand volunteers, with arms and equipments. He goes for resisting any effort at coercion in any event."

WHAT THE SOUTH WANTS.

Governor Letcher of Virginia has written a letter in which he says: "The South asks only for the fair and faithful execution of the laws passed for the recovery and protection of her property—that you will cease to embarrass and lend your aid to effect their execution according to their letter and spirit: that if her property shall escape and be found in the non-slaveholding States, you will see that it is promptly restored to the rightful owner. Surely there is patriotism enough in Pennsylvania and the other non-slaveholding States to grant what the law has declared to be our due, especially when the preservation of the Union depends upon it. In concluding this branch of the subject, permit me to add that if the North will respect and uphold the rights of the States, the Union will be perpetual, our country will continue to grow in power and influence, the people of all sections will have secured to them the blessings of peace, quiet, and order, and a prosperity such as has never been known or appreciated in our past history, will be the necessary result."

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON DISUNION.

Senator Douglas has written a letter in which he says: "No man in America regrets the election of Mr. Lincoln more than I do; none made more strenuous exertions to defeat him; none differ with him more radically and irreconcilably upon all the great issues involved in the contest. No man living is prepared to resist, by all the legitimate means sanctioned by the Constitution and laws of our country, the aggressive policy which he and his party are understood to represent. But while I say this, I am bound, as a good citizen and law-abiding man, to declare my conscientious conviction that the mere election of any man to the Presidency by the American people, in accordance with the Constitution and laws, does not of itself furnish any just cause or reasonable ground for dissolving the Federal Union."

MR. STEPHENS AGAINST SECESSION.

In the course of a great speech, delivered before the Georgia Legislature, Mr. Stephens said:

"The first question that presents itself is, shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly that I do not think that they ought. In my judgment, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any State to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the Constitution of the country. To make a point of resistance to the Government—to withdraw from it because a man has been constitutionally elected—puts us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Constitution. Many of us have sworn to support it. Can we, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the Presidency, and that, too, in accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution, make a point of resistance to the Government, without becoming the breakers of that sacred instrument ourselves? Withdraw ourselves from it—would we not be in the wrong? Whatever fate is to befall this country, let it never be laid to the charge of the people of the South, and especially to the people of Georgia, that we were untrue to our national engagements. Let the fault and the wrong rest upon others. If all our hopes are to be blasted—if the republic is to go down—let us be found to the last moment standing on the deck with the Constitution of the United States waving over our heads." [Applause.]

UNION MEETING IN GEORGIA.

A telegram dated Augusta, Georgia, November 20, says: "The largest meeting ever held in Greene County, Georgia, came off on Friday. The most influential men in the county participated. Resolutions of a conservative character were almost unanimously adopted. They urge the call of a State Convention, of all parties, to calmly consider the evils threatening the destruction of the National Union, appealing to the people of the Union to discard the counsels of agitating politicians and demagogues of all sections, and rally to the support of our imperiled Government. They say the politicians, instead of allaying the excitement, have stirred it up; instead of repressing mutual distrust and dislike, they have promoted it; instead of removing causes of dispute, they have created them for the sake of power and office. In both sections they have pandered to the passions and prejudices of the people at home, keeping each section ignorant of the patriotic, conservative catholic feelings of the other, until mutually exasperated by the incendiary and disorganizing representations of hungry office-seekers, both sections find themselves engaged in a fierce controversy which they had no hand in bringing on."

ENGLISHMEN ENCOURAGING SECESSION.

A gentleman of respectability, just arrived from the South, states that at different points in the seceding States he counted as many as thirty Englishmen, busily engaged in fanning the flames of secession and disunion.

MORE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.

A telegram dated Washington, November 21, says: "President Buchanan has received a dispatch, signed by three United States Marshals, dated 21st inst., at Fort Scott, stating that an armed party of five hundred, under the notorious bandit Montgomery, have put themselves in opposition to the United States authorities in Kansas, and have spread great alarm throughout the country. One person has been killed. It is said they avow their determination to seize the public property, and to march into Arkansas and Texas, and free the slaves in these States. The Secretary has dispatched the necessary orders to General Harney, who is in command of that department, for enforcing the laws, and for apprehending guilty persons.

"General Harney has four companies of dragoons at his command, and will make short work of these rebels."

ACTION OF THE NEW YORK CITY BANKS.

On Monday, 19th, the Presidents of the leading City Banks met, and resolved to purchase $2,500,000 of sterling exchange for their joint account in order to get rid of the present dead lock in business. This afforded a temporary relief, though the purchases of exchange by the Committee were small. On Wednesday, a much more comprehensive scheme was adopted. The banks put all their specie into a common fund, and agreed to discount as liberally as the wants of the merchants required—all the banks agreeing to supply specie to any bank which ran short of it in consequence of the contemplated expansion. This arrangement, which is analogous to the method adopted in 1857 by the Bank of England, afforded decided relief to the public and the merchants, and created a better feeling. Stocks rose, money became easier, and there was a better market for exchange and for breadstuffs.

SUSPENSION OF COUNTRY BANKS.

On 20th November the Farmers' Bank of Virginia, being pressed for coin, suspended specie payments. On the following day the example was followed by the other banks of Richmond, and those of Petersburgh, Virginia, and Baltimore, Maryland. On 22d the banks of Philadelphia, Washington, Wheeling, Norfolk, and Portsmouth followed suit, as also the Farmers' Bank of Charleston, South Carolina. All the Southern banks, with the exception of those of New Orleans, are expected to suspend.

A KILLING FROST IN THE SOUTH.

We have advices of frost so far southward as the north line of Alabama, which must have killed the cotton-plant, so that the crop of 1861 may be considered made. Its amount is variously estimated at Four, Four and a Quarter, and Four and a Half Millions of bales.

OUTRAGE BY A BRITISH CHIEF JUSTICE.

A telegram dated Washington, November 19, says: "It is understood that information has been received from the Governor of Washington Territory, that a slave on board an American vessel, which entered the harbor of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, has been taken from the vessel and set free by the Chief Justice of the Island. A pretty high-handed measure this."

BOSTON NOTABILITIES.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* daguerreotypes a few of the notable persons at the inauguration of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge on the 13th inst.:

"First we cast an eye over the ladies. Our attention was soon arrested and riveted by Mrs. ——'s cold, splendid face, with its infinite repose; yet, instinct with intellect and power: as you gazed, fascinated by its beautiful calm, you longed to know, if hidden deep down in the soul, there was not passion and tenderness. I do not wonder if, to solve that question, a man was driven well-nigh mad.

"A stir and a buzz; some one has entered worth looking at. Ah, I see! it is that man in the reserved pews. What a clean cut face—keen and powerful, fiery yet thoughtful. Is he a minister? He does not wear the look on't. He has not the air of a man who is afraid he don't look pious enough. A politician? No, not that; the eager, watchful, outward look that distinguishes that class is wanting; he has too much self-repose for a politician. A scholar, then? Hardly, there is so much of both spirituality and action about him. Who and what can he be? I catch a name whispered about—Henry Ward Beecher. No wonder I could not class him; he is an exceptional man. I have not seen him before for many years. It was one night at the old Tremont Temple, where he startled his audience. He was quite young then. As he stands now he wields a greater moral power than any person in our country probably. He is worth looking at.

"But others are coming in. There is old President Quincy; how beautiful it is that he can be here, with faculties bright and clear! Let us thank God for it. The doors are thrown open; the music floats on the air, hushing all sounds save of beating hearts.—As Agassiz enters a thousand eyes are dimmed with tears, and a thousand hearts yearn to offer him the homage of deepest admiration and gratitude. When the first emotion is past, and we can look at others, see what a noble band of men fill the aisle! Agassiz bows the Governor to the seat of honor; how cool and strong *he* looks, watchful, but still as a patient! If you meet his eye, yours will fall, not, perhaps, because you bow to the might and majesty of intellect, as with Webster, but because he *wills* it.

"Following him are the Presidents, Felton leading in his predecessors. By-the-way, what a contrast there is between the polished air and classical face of Sparks and the large dark man following him, President Wayland (not of Harvard). He looks as if one of the old Puritan divines had lived down into our time."

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The *beau monde* of Washington to-day had their thoughts most agreeably diverted from disunion and secession by the celebration of the union of the handsomest couple Hymen has smiled upon for many a day. The bride is the second daughter of the late John W. Maury, Mayor of Washington, one of Nature's noblemen, and on this occasion shone with all the beauty of her race. The bridegroom, Charles E. Gregory, son of Hon. Dudley T. Gregory, of New Jersey, a youth of grace, vivacity, and high promise. Miss Lane, Mrs. Secretary Thompson, Mrs. Gwin, and other leaders of fashion, were present. The President was prevented, at the last moment, from fulfilling his promise and intention to attend, by the pressing public business of the time. The display of presents to the bride was gorgeous, and the banquet all that refined taste could add to luxurious entertainment. The perpetuity of the Union was drank in many a bumper with a will."

MR. BUCHANAN'S HOME.

The Lancaster *Express* says: "We notice that a Washington correspondent now and then amuses himself by speculating in regard to the future home of President Buchanan—some positively asserting that after the 4th of March he will make his home in Virginia. To save the Washington letter-writer any further trouble on this point, we feel disposed to settle it by stating that Wheatland, the Mecca of the political pilgrims in 1856, is to remain the home of Ex-President Buchanan. Some weeks ago a couple of the subordinates of the White House came on here, and, under the instructions of Mr. Buchanan, proceeded to put the premises in proper order for reoccupancy. Next summer Wheatland will be a more attractive residence than ever; and, indeed, no more beautiful retreat for a retired President could be found in the country than Wheatland. There Mr. Buchanan will have a fine opportunity, amidst the inspiration afforded by a quiet, invigorating, picturesque rural retreat, to pursue the literary labors to which, it is understood, he proposes to devote the remainder of his days after vacating the White House."

A TRYING ORDEAL.

The *Times* says: "One of Brooklyn's most settled families has, within the past ten months, passed through a fiery and trying ordeal, the parallel of which is rarely found off the stage. The eldest daughter, a sweet girl of eighteen, educated highly, trained religiously, and accomplished most creditably, met at Newport with a middle-aged gentleman of pleasing exterior, modest demeanor, and with apparently well-filled pockets. After a few weeks' acquaintance they became engaged. The old folks were pleased, the young lady was entranced; but one point of difference existed which marred their most round and perfect happiness—he professed a most decided preference for the faith of the Episcopalians, while she was a Quaker of strictest sort. They were married—they traveled. Hardly had they reached the European shore when the husband developed a most singular and unpromised degree of moroseness, and at times of severity. For some time it was borne in silent submission, but at last it became intolerable, and having escaped from her abuser, the wife took passage in the *Adriatic*, and arrived at her father's home on Monday, unexpected, unheralded, and unhappy. Her story, as gathered from her own lips, is most heart-rending. She tells of privations, of beatings and degradations that make the blood of the hearer boil with indignation. Steps will be taken at once for the procurement of a divorce; and the victim who has, within one year, been a maiden free, a wedded wife, and a happy mother, will resume her position at home with those best friends of life—a loving father and a tender mother."

PERSONAL.

A complimentary levée was given to Governor Banks and lady, on 21st, by the citizens of Waltham, irrespective of party, at which the Governor was presented with a service of silver plate, and Mrs. Banks a valuable gold watch. The contemplated departure of Governor Banks for the West causes much regret among his neighbors.

A young lady residing at Newburgh, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having been disappointed in a love affair, left the house, a few nights since, went to the railroad track, and having thrown her clothes over her head, deliberately laid her neck upon one of the rails, and remained there until a train ran over her, killing her instantly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

THE most important feature in the news from England is the speeches of Lord Palmerston and the Count de Persigny, delivered on the 9th inst. at the Lord Mayor of London's grand civic entertainment. The French Embassador rejoiced at the continuance of friendly relations between England and France, and maintained that the Emperor had faithfully observed the programme of peace he had laid down during his visit to London.

Lord Palmerston, in returning thanks on behalf of her Majesty's Ministers, spoke of the general prospects of peace as being "at all events satisfactory." He complimented the Emperor of the French for the "sagacity" he had displayed in co-operating with her Majesty's Government in the great work of extending commercial intercourse between the two countries, and expressed a hope that while the commercial treaty would tend to cement still more closely the alliance between England and France, it would have the effect of inducing other crowned heads to lend themselves to an enterprise which contained "the secret elements of peace."

THE PRINCES ON THEIR WAY HOME.

Prince Alfred arrived at Plymouth on the morning of the 9th. The Prince of Wales had not arrived, but two vessels, supposed to be the *Hero* and *Ariadne*, were seen off Portland on the night of the 8th.

ITALY.

RETIREMENT OF GARIBALDI.

A telegram, dated Naples, November 8, says: "On the entry of the King into Naples, Garibaldi sat by his side in the carriage.

"To-day, at 11 A.M., Garibaldi, accompanied by the Ministers, formally presented to the King the result of the *plébiscite*. His Majesty received them in the throne-room. The Minister, Signor Conforti, addressed the King thus:

"'SIRE,—The Neapolitan people, assembled in their Electoral Committee, having proclaimed you King by an immense majority, nine millions of Italians are uniting themselves to the other provinces, which your Majesty governs with so much wisdom, verifying your solemn promise that Italy should belong to the Italians.'"

"The King replied in a few expressive words.

"The deed of annexation was then drawn up; the Dictatorship ceased, and the Ministry resigned.

"Garibaldi has retired to his island home."

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

A telegram from Gaeta, dated November 3, says that the French Squadron had left the mouth of the Garigliano and returned to Gaeta since the 1st inst. The *Pays* states that after taking part in the operations against Gaeta the Piedmontese Squadron had afterward withdrawn to a certain distance from the fortress, where it remained at anchor. The Ministerial journal *La Patrie*, the advocate of the King of Naples, looks upon the game as up, and says the remnant of the Royal army can not be depended upon. The *Times* correspondent at Rome says the French army at Rome is very Italian, in its sympathy. It is stated that during a recent tour of military inspection General Goyon was very coldly received at the principal places, the inhabitants making a point of keeping in their houses.

About 15,000 Neapolitan troops, 4000 horses, and 32 guns, being pursued by the Sardinians, took refuge in the Papal States at Terracino. At Casterna their progress was arrested by the Papal and French authorities, and they will be at once disarmed. The *Daily News* says a week ago the strength of the Bourbon army was variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, the latter being regarded as an extreme statement. We can not reasonably set down its losses by the fall of Capua, and the battle of the 3d, at less than 15,000 men. Thus, in less than a week, Francis II. has lost 30,000 men. The *Post* says, after the fall of Gaeta, Garibaldi's resolution is to retire for a time to private life.

THE VOTE AT NAPLES.

The *Times* has received the following telegram from its Naples correspondent:

NAPLES, *Sunday, November* 4.

The *plébiscite* has been declared to-day. The votes are:

Ayes (*si*)	1,302,064
Noes	10,312

MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "It was agreed that his Majesty should meet Garibaldi at the foot of a hill called Santa Maria della Croce, and that he should review the Eber and Bixio divisions, which had followed us. At eight o'clock on Friday morning, accordingly, our soldiers were drawn up in good order, and, although covered with rags, they did not make a bad show. When the King made his appearance, followed by a brilliant staff, Garibaldi advanced to meet him. It was a curious sight. The elegant and splendid uniforms of the Piedmontese officers contrasted curiously with the plain red shirts of the Garibaldians. The General himself wore his famous wide-awake, a plain red flannel shirt half covered by his American gray cloak, and a pair of black trowsers. It is true that he had at his side his famous English sword of Calatafimi and Mellazzo—a sword which is worth all the embroidered uniforms in the world. The two great leaders of Italian unity then cordially shook hands, and I could see by their faces that that shake of the hands was the expression of a true sentiment of affection on Garibaldi's part, and of the greatest admiration on the King's. The two staffs had halted at a certain distance, and listened in breathless expectation for the conversation of those two warriors. The King complimented the General by saying, that without his daring expedition the unity of Italy would not have been a reality for ten years to come. "It may be, Sire," answered Garibaldi, "but I could not have attempted my expedition had not Victor Emanuel been the most noble and generous of Kings."

CONFISCATION OF THE EX-KING'S PROPERTY.

The *Official Gazette* of Naples publishes the following important decree:

"Considering that on that deplorable day, the 15th of May, 1848, the Government of the Bourbons violated every agreement to which it had sworn, filled the city with terror and blood, and for the authority of the law substituted tyranny and violence; considering that the Government which emerged from that civil catastrophe raged with fearful pertinacity for the course of twelve years, not leaving inviolate even the sanctuary of justice and of families, so that honorable men and lovers of their country were condemned to criminal penalties, prisons were peopled with victims and a large number of citizens compelled to abandon the State, and take refuge in friendly Italian and foreign lands; considering that the losses and evils produced by such brutal tyranny were immense; considering that it is a debt of justice worthy of an Italian and free Government to compensate, as far as possible, the losses suffered for the cause which now triumphs—it is decreed that from the rentes confiscated from the Bourbons and placed at the disposal of the State the sum of six millions of ducats shall be distributed with due consideration to the political victims of the 15th of May, 1848, of these continental provinces, etc. G. GARIBALDI."

GERMANY.

THE MEETING AT WARSAW.

A telegram dated Vienna, November 6, 1860, says: "Count Rechberg has addressed a circular note on the Warsaw interview to the representatives of Austria abroad.

"This note states that the object of the interview was to bind more closely the personal and friendly relations of the three princes present, and to concert the principles for the regulation of their conduct in view of certain eventualities.

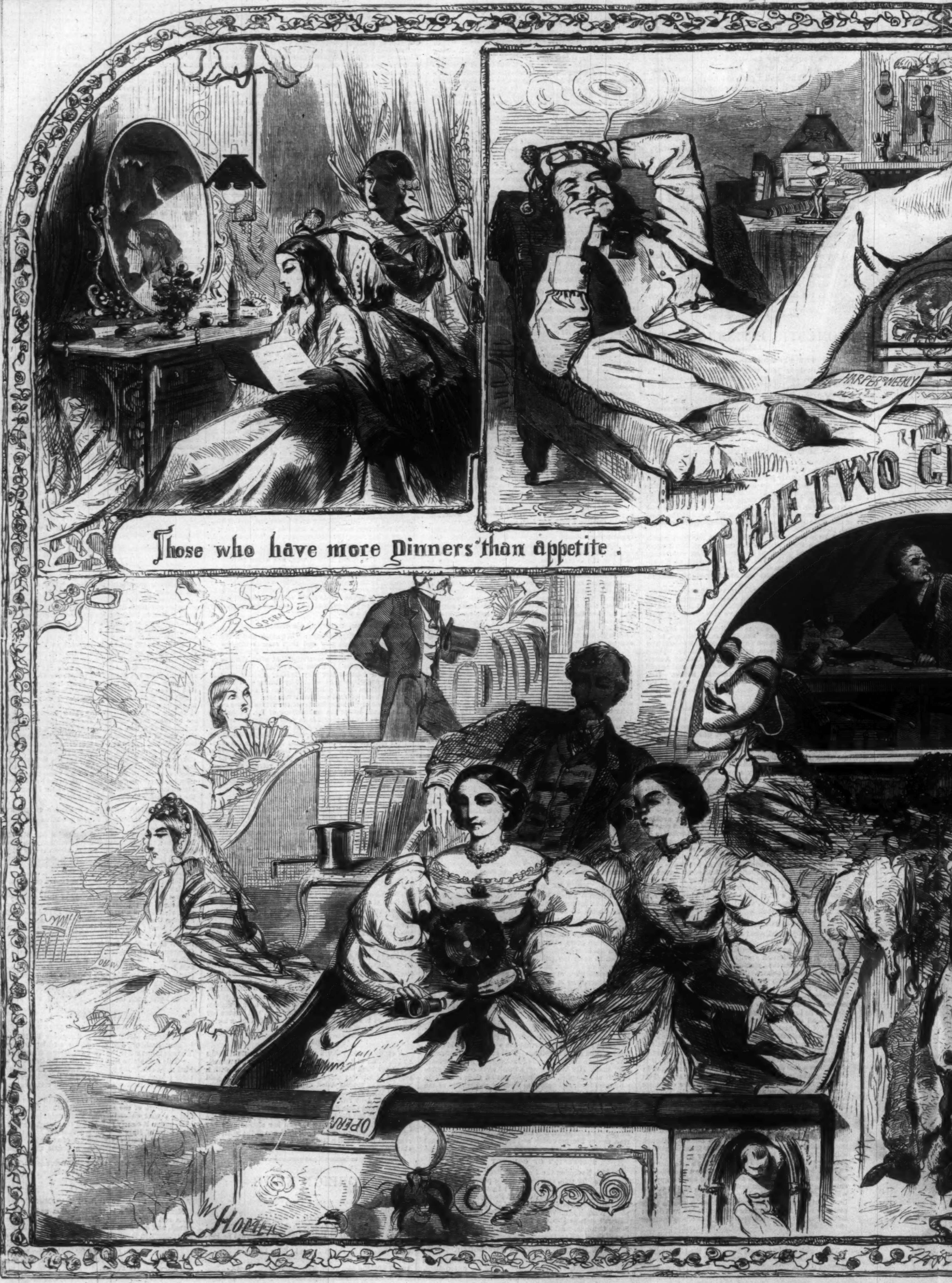
"Count Rechberg, without entering upon any details as to the nature of the arrangements concluded, announces that a perfect understanding was established. He, however, makes it clearly understood that non-intervention in the affairs of Italy was agreed upon, and that although anxious to support the principles of order and European equilibrium, the three Northern Courts will do nothing which might provoke a war.

"M. Boyer, Secretary to the Empress, has left for Southampton, on his way to Madeira, to prepare quarters for her Majesty."

MEXICO.

RESIGNATION OF MIRAMON.

Mexican news of a later date reaches us by way of Havana and New Orleans. Miramon, it is stated, had resigned, and had been succeeded by Robles. The cause of his resignation is not stated, but we had been led to expect it from previous intelligence. The immediate motive for the movement is to be looked for in the utter hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged. The Reactionists had evacuated Puebla.


Those who have more Dinners than appetite.
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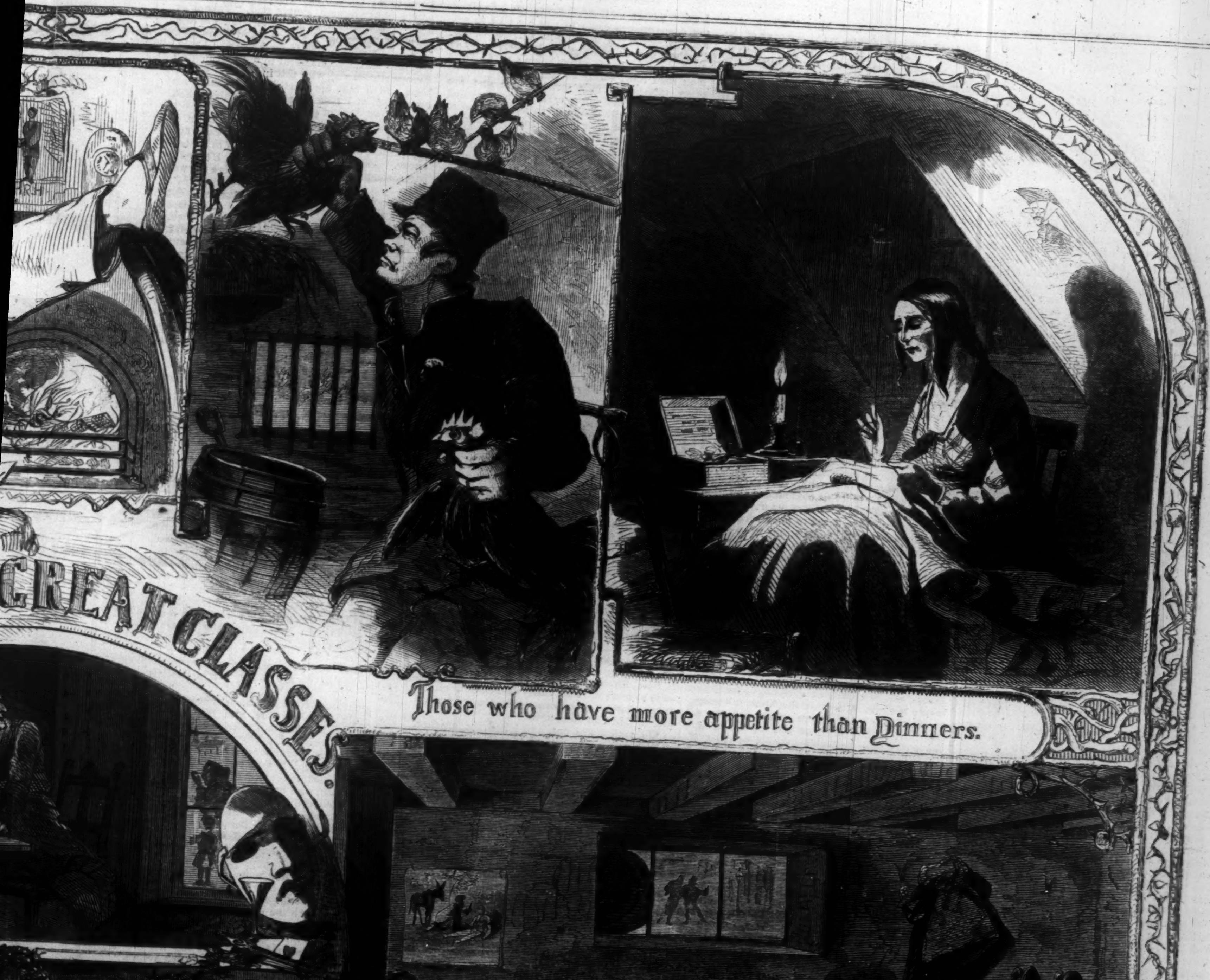


GREAT CLASSES.
Those who have more appetite than Dinners.

GREAT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

WE continued our journey the next morning, but it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in maintaining my former place in the cabriolet. That stupid old woman fancied that princes were born to be bored, and suggested, accordingly, that I should travel inside with her, leaving the macaw and the toy terriers to keep company with Miss Herbert. It was only by insisting on an outside place as a measure of health that I at last prevailed, telling her that Dr. Corvisartt was peremptory on two points regarding me. "Let him," said he, "have abundance of fresh air, and never be without some young companion."

And so we were again in our little leathern tent, high up in the fresh breezy atmosphere, above dusty roads, and with a glorious view over that lovely country that forms the approach to the Black Forest. The road was hilly, and the carriage-way a heavy one; we had six horses, who trotted along briskly, shaking their merry bells, and flourishing their scarlet tassels, while the postillions cracked their whips or broke out into occasional bugle performances, principally intended to announce to the passing peasants that we were very great folk, and well able to pay for all the noise we required.

I was not ashamed to confess my enjoyment in thus whirling along at some ten miles the hour, remembering how that great sage Dr. Johnson had confessed to a like pleasure, and animated by the inspiriting air and the lovely landscape, could not help asking Miss Herbert if she did not feel it "very jolly."

She assented with a sort of constrained courtesy that by no means responded to the warmth of my own sensations, and I felt vexed and chafed accordingly.

"Perhaps you prefer traveling inside?" said I, with some pique.

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps you dislike traveling altogether?"

"No, Sir."

"Perhaps—" But I checked myself—and with a somewhat stiff air, I said, "Would you like a book?"

"If it would not be rude to read, Sir, while you—"

"Oh, not at all, never mind me, I have more than enough to think of. Here are some things by Dumas and Paul Féval, and some guide-book trash." And with that I handed her several volumes, and sank back into my corner in sulky isolation.

Here was a change! Ten minutes ago all nature smiled on me; from the lark in the high heavens to the chirping grasshopper in the tall maize-field, it was one song of joy and gladness. The very clouds as they swept past threw new and varied light over the scene, as though to show fresh effects of beauty on the landscape—the streams went by in circling eddies, like smiles upon a lovely face—and now all was sad and crape-covered! "What has wrought this dreary change?" thought I; "is it possible that the cold looks of a young woman, good-looking, I grant, but no regular downright beauty after all, can have altered the aspect of the whole world to you? Are you so poor a creature in yourself, Potts, so beggared in your own resources, so barren in all the appliances of thought and reflection, that if your companion, whoever she or he may be, sulk, you must needs reflect the humor? Are you nothing but the mirror that displays what is placed before it?"

I set myself deliberately to scan the profile beside me; her black vail, drawn down on the side furthest from me, formed a sort of background, which displayed her pale features more distinctly. All about the brow and orbit was beautifully regular, but the mouth was, I fancied, severe; there was a slight retraction of the upper lip that seemed to imply over-firmness, and then the chin was deeply indented—"a sign," Lavater says, "of those who have a will of their own." "Potts," thought I, "she'd rule you—that's a nature would speedily master yours. I don't think there's any softness either, any of that yielding gentleness there, that makes the poetry of womanhood; besides, I suspect she's worldly—those sharply-cut nostrils are very worldly! She is, in fact"—and here I unconsciously uttered my thoughts aloud—"she is, in fact, one to say, 'Potts, how much have you got a year? Let us have it in figures.'"

"So you are still ruminating over the life of that interesting creature," said she, laying down her book to laugh; "and, shall I confess, I lay awake half the night inventing incidents and imagining situations for him."

"For whom?" said I, innocently.

"For Potts, of course. I can not get him out of my head such as I first fancied he might be, and I see now, by your unconscious allusion to him, that he has his place in your imagination also."

"You mistake, Miss Herbert—at least you very much misapprehend my conception of that character. The Potts family has a high historic tradition. Sir Constantine Potts was cup-bearer to Henry the Second, and I really see no reason why ridicule should attach to one who may be, most probably, his descendant."

"I'm very sorry, Sir, if I should have dared to differ with you; but when I heard the name first, and in connection with two such names as Algernon Sydney, and when I thought by what strange accident did they ever meet in the one person—"

"You are very young, Miss Herbert, and therefore not removed from the category of the teachable," said I, with a grand didactic look. "Let me guard you, therefore, against the levity of chance inferences. What would you say if a person named Potts were to make the offer of his hand? I mean, if he were a man in all respects acceptable, a gentleman captivating in manner and address, agreeable in person, graceful and accomplished—what would you reply to his advances?"

"Really, Sir, I am shocked to think of the humble opinion I may be conveying of my sense and judgment, but I'm afraid I should tell him it is impossible I could ever permit myself to be called Mrs. Potts."

"But, in Heaven's name, why?—I ask you why?"

"Oh, Sir! don't be angry with me; it surely does not deserve such a penalty; at the worst it is a mere caprice on my part."

"I am not angry, young lady, I am simply provoked; I am annoyed to think that a prejudice so unworthy of you should exercise such a control over your judgment."

"I am quite ashamed, Sir, to have been the occasion of so much displeasure to you. I hope and trust you will ascribe it to my utter ignorance of life and the world."

"If you are dissatisfied with yourself, Miss Herbert, I have no more to say," said I, taking up a book and pretending to read, while I felt such a disgust to myself that if I hadn't been strapped up with a leather apron up to my chin, I think I should have thrown myself headlong down and let the wheel pass over me. "What is it, Potts, that is corrupting and destroying the naturally fine and noble nature you are certainly endowed with? Is it this confounded elevation to princely rank? If you were not a royal highness would you have dared to utter such cruelties as these? Would you, in your most savage of moods, have presumed to make that pale cheek paler, and forced a tear-drop into that liquid eye? I always used to think that the greatest effort of a man was to keep himself on a level with those born above him. I now find it is far harder to stoop than to stand on tiptoe. Such a pain in the back comes of always bending, and it is so difficult to do it gracefully!"

I was positively dying to be what the French call "bon prince," and yet I didn't know how to set about it. I could not take off one of my decorations — a cross or a ribbon — for I had none; nor give it, because she, being a woman, couldn't wear it. I couldn't make her one of the court ladies, for there was no court; and yet it was clear something should be done, if one only knew what it was. "I suppose now," said I to myself, "a real R.H. would see his way here at once; the right thing to do, the exact expression to use, would occur as naturally to his mind as all this embarrassment presents itself to mine. 'Whenever your head can not guide you,' says a Spanish proverb, 'ask your heart;' and so I did, and my heart spoke thus: 'Tell her, Potts, who you are, and what; say to her, "Listen, young lady, to the words of truth from one who could tell you far more glibly, far more freely, and far more willingly, a whole bushel of lies. It will sit light on his heart that he deceive the old lady inside, but you he can not, will not deceive. Do not deem the sacrifice a light one; it cost St. George far less to go out dragon-hunting than it costs me to slay this small monster who ever prompts me to feats of fancy."'"

"I am very sorry to be troublesome, Sir, but as we change horses here, I will ask you to assist me to alight; the weather looks very threatening, and some drops of rain have already fallen."

These words roused me from my reverie to action, and I got down, not very dexterously either, for I slipped, and made the postillion laugh, and then I helped her, who accomplished the descent so neatly, so gracefully, showing the least portion of such an ankle, and accidentally giving me such a squeeze of the hand! The next moment she was lost to me, the clanking steps were drawn up, the harsh door banged to, and I was alone—all alone in the world.

Like a sulky eagle, sick of the world, I climbed up to my eyrie. I no longer wished for sunshine or scenery; nay, I was glad to see the postboys put on their overcoats and prepare for a regular down-pour. I liked to think there are some worse off than even Potts. In half an hour *they* will be drenched to the skin, and I'll not feel a drop of it!

The little glass slide at my back was now withdrawn, and Miss Herbert's pale, sweet face appeared at it. She was saying that Mrs. Keates urgently entreated I would come inside, that she was so uneasy at my being exposed to such a storm.

I refused, and was about to enter into an account of my ascent of Mont Blanc, when the slide was closed and my listener lost to me.

"Is it possible, Potts," said I, "that she has detected this turn of yours for the imaginative line, and that she will not encourage it, even tacitly? Has she said, 'There is a young man of genius, gifted marvelously with the richest qualities, and yet such is the exuberance of his fancy that he is positively its slave. Not content to let him walk the earth like other men, she attaches wings to him, and carries him off into the upper air. I will endeavor, however hard the task, to clip his feathers and bring him back to the common haunts of men?' Try it, fair enchantress—try it!"

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and with such swooping gusts of wind that I was forced to fasten the leather curtain in front of me, and sit in utter darkness, denied even the passing pleasure of seeing the drenched postboys bobbing up and down on the wet saddles. I grew moody and sad. Every Blue Devil of my acquaintance came to pay his visit to me, and brought a few more of his private friends. I bethought me that I was hourly traveling away farther and farther from my home; that all this long road must surely be retraced one day or other, though not in a carriage and post, but probably in a one-horse cart, with a mounted gendarme on either side of it, and a string to my two wrists in their bridle hands. I thought of that vulgar herd of mankind so ready to weep over a romance, and yet send the man who acts one to a penal settlement. I thought how I should be described as the artful knave, the accomplished swindler. As if I was the first man who ever took an exaggerated estimate of his own merits! Go into the House of Commons, visit the National Gallery, dine at a bar or a military mess, frequent, in one word, any of the haunts of men, and with what "pièces pour servir à l'histoire" of self-deception will you come back loaded!

The sliding window at my back now was drawn aside, and I heard Miss Herbert's voice:

"If I am not giving you too much trouble, Sir, would you kindly see if I have not dropped a bracelet, a small jet bracelet, in the coupé?"

"I am in the dark here, but I'll do my best to find it."

"We are very nearly so too," said she; "and Mrs. Keates is fast asleep, quite unmindful of the thunder."

With some struggling I managed to get down on my knees, and was soon engaged in a very vigorous search. To aid me, I lighted a lucifer match, and by its flickering glare, I saw right in front of me that beautiful pale face, inclosed as it were in a frame by the little window. She blushed at the fixedness of my gaze, for I utterly forgot myself in my admiration, and stared as though at a picture. My match went out and I lit another. Alas! there she was still, and I could not force myself to turn away, but gazed on in rapture.

"I am sorry to give you this trouble, Sir," said she, in some confusion; "pray never mind it. It will doubtless be found this evening when we arrive."

Another lucifer, and now I pretended to be in most eager pursuit; but somehow my eyes would look up and rest upon her sweet countenance.

"A diamond bracelet, you said?" muttered I, not knowing what I was saying.

"No, Sir, mere jet, and of no value whatever, save to myself. I am really distressed at all the inconvenience I have occasioned you. I entreat you to think no more of it."

My match was out, and I had not another. "Was ever a man robbed of such ecstasy for a mere pennyworth of stick and a little sulphur? Oh, Fortune! is not this downright cruelty?"

As I mumbled my complaints, I searched away with an honest zeal, patting the cushions all over, and poking away into most inscrutable pockets and recesses, while she, in a most beseeching tone, apologized for her request, and besought me to forget.

"Found! found!" cried I, in true delight, as I chanced upon the treasure at my feet.

"Oh, Sir, you have made me *so* happy, and I am so much obliged, and so grateful to you!"

"Not another word, I beseech you," whispered I; "you are actually turning my head with ecstasy. Give me your hand, let me clasp it on your arm, and I am repaid."

"Will you kindly pass it to me, Sir, through the window," said she, timidly.

"Ah," cried I, in anguish, "your gratitude has been very fleeting."

She muttered something I could not catch, but I heard the rustle of her sleeve against the window-frame, and dark as it was, pitch dark, I knew her hand was close to me. Opening the bracelet, I passed it round her wrist as reverently as though it were the arm of a Queen of Spain, one touch of whom is high treason. I trembled so that it was some seconds before I could make the clasp meet. This done, I felt she was withdrawing her hand, when with something like that headlong impulse by which men set their lives on one chance, I seized the fingers in my grasp, and implanted two rapturous kisses on them. She snatched her hand hastily away, closed the window with a sharp bang, and I was alone once more in my darkness, but in such a flutter of blissful delight that even the last reproving gesture could scarcely pain me. It mattered little to me that day that the lightning felled a great pine and threw it across the road, that the torrents were so swollen that we only could pass them with crowds of peasants around the carriage with ropes and poles to secure it, that four oxen were harnessed in front of our leaders to enable us to meet the hurricane, or that the postboys were paid treble their usual fare for all their perils to life and limb. I cared for none of these. In the words of the poet,

"Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebt!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE arrived at a small inn on the borders of the Alitesh at nightfall; and though the rain continued to come down unceasingly, and large masses of cloud hung half-way down the mountains, I could see that the spot was highly picturesque and romantic. Before I could descend from my lofty eminence, so strapped and buttoned and buckled up was I, the ladies had time to get out and reach their rooms. When I asked to be shown to mine, the landlord, in a very free-and-easy tone, told me that there was nothing for me but a double-bedded room, which I must share with another traveler. I scouted this proposition at once with a degree of force and, indeed, of violence, that I fancied must prove irresistible; but the stupid German, armed with native impassiveness, simply said, "Take it or leave it, it's nothing to me," and left me to look after his business. I stormed and fumed. I asked the chambermaid if she knew who I was, and sent for the Hausknecht to tell him that all Europe should ring with this indignity. I more than hinted that the landlord had sealed his own doom, and that his miserable cabaret had seen its last days of prosperity.

I asked next, where was the Jew peddler. I felt certain he was a fellow with pencil-cases and pipe-heads, who owned the other half of the territory. Could he not be bought up? He would surely sleep in the cow-house, if it were too wet to go up a tree!

François came to inform me that he was out fishing; that he fished all day, and only came home after dark; his man had told him so much.

"His man? Why, has he a servant?" asked I.

"He's not exactly like a servant, Sir; but a sort of peasant, with a green jacket and a tall hat and leather gaiters, like a Tyrolese."

"Strolling actors, I'll be sworn," muttered I; "fellows taking a week's holiday on their way to a new engagement. How long have they been here?"

"Came on Monday last in the diligence, and are to remain till the twentieth; two florins a day they give for every thing."

"What nation are they?"

"Germans, Sir, regular Germans; never a pipe out of their mouths, master and man. I learned all this from his servant, for they have put up a bed for me in his room."

A sudden thought now struck me: "Why should not François give up his bed to this stranger, and occupy the one in my room?" This arrangement would suit me better, and it ought to be all the same to Hamlet or Goetz, or whatever he was. "Just lounge about the door, François," said I, "till he comes back; and when you see him, open the thing to him, civilly, of course; and if a crown piece, or even two, will help the negotiation, slip it slyly into his hand. You understand?"

François winked like a man who had corrupted custom-house officers in his time, and even bribed bigger functionaries at a pinch.

"If he's in trade, you know, François, just hint that if he sends in his pack in the course of the evening, the ladies might possibly take a fancy to something."

Another wink.

"And throw out — vaguely, of course, very vaguely — that we are swells, but in strict incog."

A great scoundrel was François; he was Swiss, and could cheat any one, and, like a regular rogue, never happier than when you gave him a mission of deceit or duplicity. In a word, when I gave him his instructions, I regarded the negotiation as though it were completed, and now addressed myself to the task of looking after our supper, which, with national obstinacy, the landlord declared could not be ready before nine o'clock. As usual, Mrs. Keates had gone to bed immediately on arriving; but when sending me a "Good-night" by her maid, she added, "that whenever supper was served, Miss Herbert would come down."

We had no sitting-room save the common room of the inn, a long, low-ceilinged, dreary chamber, with a huge green tile stove in one corner, and down the centre a great oak table, which might have served about forty guests. At one end of this three covers were laid for us, the napkins inclosed in bone circlets, and the salt in great leaden receptacles—like big ink bottles—a very ancient brass lamp, giving its dim radiance over all. It was wearisome to sit down on the straight-backed wooden chairs, and not less irksome to walk on the gritty, sanded floor, and so I lounged in one of the windows, and watched the rain. As I looked I saw the figure of a man with a fishing-basket and rod on his shoulder approaching the house. I guessed at once it was our stranger, and opening the window a few inches, I listened to hear the dialogue between him and François. The window was inclosed in the same porch as the door, so that I could hear a good deal of what passed. François accosted him familiarly, questioned him as to his sport, and the size of the fish he had taken. I could not hear the reply, but I remarked that the stranger emptied his basket, and was dispatching the contents in different directions; some were for the curé, and some for the postmaster, some for the brigadier of the gendarmery, and one large trout for the miller's daughter. "A good-looking wench, I'll be sworn," said François, as he heard the message. Again the stranger said something, and I thought, from the tone, angrily, and François responded; and then I saw them walk apart for a few seconds, during which François seemed to have all the talk to himself, a good omen, as it appeared to me, of success, and a sure warranty that the treaty was signed. François, however, did not come to report progress, and so I closed the window and sat down.

"So you have got company to-night, Master Ludwig," said the stranger, as he entered, followed by the host, who speedily seemed to whisper that one of the arrivals was then before him. The stranger bowed stiffly, but courteously to me, which I returned not less haughtily; and I now saw that he was a man about thirty-five, but much freckled, with a light-brown beard and mustache. On the whole, a good-looking fellow, with a very upright carriage, and something of a cavalry soldier in the swing of his gait.

"Would you like it at once, Herr Graf?" said the host, obsequiously.

"Oh, he's a count, is he?" said I, with a sneer to myself. "These countships go a short way with *me*."

"You had better consult your other guests; *I* am ready when *they* are," said the stranger.

Now, though the speech was polite and even considerate, I lost sight of the courtesy in thinking that it implied we were about to sup in common, and that the third cover was meant for him.

"I say, landlord," said I, "you don't intend to tell me that you have no private sitting-room, but that ladies of condition must needs come down and sup here with—" I was going to say Heaven knows who, but I halted, and said, "with the general company."

"That, or nothing!" was the sturdy response. "The guests in this house eat here, or don't eat at all; eh, Herr Graf?"

"Well, so far as my experience goes, I can corroborate you," said the stranger, laughing; "though, you may remember, I have often counseled you to make some change."

"That you have; but I don't want to be better than my father and my grandfather; and the Archduke Charles stopped here in their time, and never quarreled with his treatment."

I told the landlord to apprise the young lady whenever supper was ready, and I walked to a distant part of the room and sat down.

In about ten minutes after Miss Herbert appeared, and the supper was served at once. I had not met her since the incident of the bracelet; and I was shocked to see how cold she was in her manner, and how resolute in repelling the most harmless familiarity toward her.

I wanted to explain to her that it was through no fault of mine we were to have the company of that odious stranger; that it was one of the disagreeables of these way-side hostels, and to be borne with patience; and that though he was a stage-player, or a sergeant of dragoons, he was reasonably well-bred and quiet. I did contrive to mumble out some of this explanation; but instead of attending to it, I saw her eyes following the stranger, who had just draped a large riding-cloak over a clothes-horse behind her chair, to serve as a screen. Thanks are all very well, but I'm by no means certain that gratitude requires such a sweet glance as that, not to mention that I saw the expression in her eyes for the first time.

I thought the soup would choke me. I almost hoped it might. Othello was a mild case of jealousy compared to me, and I felt that strangling would not half glut my vengeance. And how they talked!—he complimenting her on her accent, and she telling him how her first governess was a Hanoverian from Calle, where they are all such purists. There was nothing they did not discuss in those detestable gutturals, and as glibly as if it had been a language meet for human lips. I could not eat a mouthful, but I drank and watched them. The fellow was not long in betraying himself: he was soon deep in the drama. He knew every play of Schiller by heart, and quoted the Wallenstein, the Robbers, Don Carlos, and Mont Stuart at will; so, too, was he familiar with Goethe and Lessing. He had all the swinging intonation of the boards, and declaimed so very professionally that, as he concluded a passage, I cried out, without knowing it,

"Take that for your benefit; it's the best you have given yet."

O Lord, how they laughed! She covered up her face and smothered it; but he lay back, and holding the table with both hands, he positively shouted and screamed aloud. I would have given ten years of life for the courage to have thrown my glass of wine in his face; but it was no use; Nature had been a niggard to me in that quarter, and I had to sit and hear it—exactly so, sit and hear it—while they made twenty attempts to recover their gravity and behave like ladies and gentlemen, and when, no sooner would they look toward me, than off they were again as bad as before.

I resolved a dozen cutting sarcasms, all beginning with, "Whenever I feel assured that you have sufficiently regained the customary calm of good society," but the dessert was served ere I could complete the sentence; and now they were deep in the lyric poets—Capping, Uhland, and Korner, and Freiligrath, and the rest of them. As I listened to their enthusiasm, I wondered why people never went into raptures over a cold in the head. But it was not to end here. There was an old harpsichord in the room, and this he opened and set to work on in that fearful two-handed fashion your German alone understands. The poor old crippled instrument shook on its three legs, while the fourth fell clean off, and the loose wires jangled and jarred like knives in a tray; but he only sang the louder, and her ecstasies grew all the greater too.

Heaven reward you, dear old Mrs. Keates, when you sent word down that you couldn't sleep a wink, and begging them to send that merry band something and let them go away; and then Miss Herbert wished him a sweet good-night, and he accompanied her to the door, and then there was more good-night, and I believe I had a short fit; but when I came to myself he was sitting smoking his cigar opposite me.

"You are no relative, no connection of the young lady who has just left the room?" said he to me, with a grave manner, so significant of something under it, that I replied, hastily, "None—none whatever."

"Was that servant who spoke to me in the porch, as I came in this evening, yours?"

"Yes." This I said more boldly, as I suspected he was coming to the question François had opened.

"He mentioned to me," said he, slowly, and puffing his cigar at easy intervals, "that you desire your servant should sleep in the same room with you. I am always happy to meet the wishes of courteous fellow-travelers, and so I have ordered my servant to give you *his* bed; he will sleep up stairs in what was intended for *you*. Good-night!" And with an insolent nod he lounged out of the room, and left me.

STUDENT AFFRAY AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

WE publish on the following page a picture of the affray which took place on 19th at Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and which has since ended in the suspension for one and two years of eight members of the Sophomore class.

We have had occasion more than once to allude to the rivalry which exists between the Sophomores and the Freshmen at Harvard. Every year the two classes have been in the habit of playing a great base-ball match; we gave a picture of the scene in No. 31 of this journal. Latterly, it seems, the game has degenerated into something very like a fight, and has not tended to improve the feelings existing between members of the two classes. The "Sophs," moreover, it is alleged, have been in the habit of annoying—or "hazing" as it is called—the Freshmen to an intolerable degree. Some months since the authorities resolved to put an end to the practice. President Felton, accordingly, by orders of the Faculty, forbade the usual base-ball match, and sent a circular to the parents of members of the Sophomore class warning them that they would be punished if they continued to "haze" the Freshmen. This circular and the action of the Faculty were communicated to the Sophomore class, so that they were forewarned of what might happen in case of further trouble.

The votes of the Faculty of Harvard on these subjects read as follows:

> "Voted, that the present Freshman Class be informed, before the end of this term, that the foot-ball match, between the Sophomore and Freshmen Classes, that has been customary at the beginning of the autumn term, be strictly prohibited for the future.
>
> "Voted, that the President be requested to take measures for the suppression of the practice of annoying the Freshmen, which is represented to have grown into an intolerable abuse, and to inform the Sophomore Class that any person detected in such practice will be summarily dismissed from College."

Notwithstanding this warning, on 19th a band of Sophomores met two Freshmen, and began to "haze" them, until one of the two drew a pistol loaded with powder, and fired it in the face of one of the Sophs. The latter then withdrew to their rooms, making a great noise, and threatening to annihilate the Freshmen. Next day the Faculty met, heard evidence on the subject, and decided to suspend eight of the Sophs, namely, Charles Jackson, Boston; Charles Emerson, Staten Island; Augustus Baker, Albany; A. C. Hazeltine, Philadelphia; John L. Ward, Salem; Charles F. Feering, New York; J. T. Kilbreth, Cincinnati; H. J. Edwards, Boston. Jackson was dismissed for two years; the others for one year.

When the Sophs heard of this, they hired a wagon, placed the suspended students in it, and drew them through the streets of Cambridge. Opposite Professor Felton's house, they gave him three cheers, and called, jeeringly, for a speech. Afterward they cut the ropes with which they had drawn the wagon into small pieces, and formed a procession, wearing the pieces of rope in their button-holes. Next day the suspended students were notified that they must leave town. Some one hundred Sophs met them with cheers, and groans for the Faculty. They attempted to draw them through the college grounds in a carriage, but President Felton had the gates fastened; they, however, succeeded in getting a carriage, and drew their suspended associates opposite Mr. Felton's house, where they gave groans for him.

THE CHAIRMAN'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

MR. HARDMAN SELBY was a great man in his own district in the West of England. He was very rich, very dictatorial, and very ill-tempered. He had been long a widower, with one child. Annette Selby was, ten years ago, a beautiful girl. She was doated on by her father, who provided for her every luxury she desired. Happy Annette Selby!

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Hardman Selby was, in his wrath, awful to look upon, terrible to be near. In her fits of passion, Annette Selby was a very fiend.

Well, all around were well-nigh perfect slaves; so what matter? Tenants, dependents, servants, crouched and fawned, cursed, hated, and obeyed; so the father's wrath and the daughter's vehemence did no great harm, save to themselves, mentally and bodily.

Annette had just turned twenty, when, one day, her father intimated to her that Captain Wyerly would be their guest for a few weeks. The Captain came. He was an attractive, well-educated man of five-and-twenty. Of course he fell in love with Annette. Every man fell in love with her at first sight, and remained in love with her until she showed her colors, and then he immediately withdrew. But Captain Wyerly had to pass half a dozen weeks with Annette, whether he would or no. For Mr. Selby had arranged it; Captain Wyerly was not only to love Annette, but to marry her; and for Mr. Selby's will not to be carried out! Mercy!

Things took the proper course. The lady and gentleman acted with perfect propriety. Mr. Selby's resolution was implicitly fulfilled. Now, who was Captain Wyerly? Oh, of course, every thing that was satisfactory. He was the only nephew of that fearfully-wealthy old bachelor, Sir John Larby, and Sir John had just had notice to go where none of his bullion could follow him.

"I am sorry to say, Sir, that I must leave you, and that immediately," said Captain Wyerly, coming down to breakfast one morning with an open letter in his hand. "Sir John is at the point of death."

Of course expressions of sympathy were the response; but, to tell the truth, there was a smile of satisfaction on the faces of both father and daughter as they uttered them.

"You will return to us as soon as you can."

"Most certainly I will."

"You will have a great deal to attend to," remarked Mr. Selby. "In the case of such an enormous property as Sir John's, much labor will be required to arrange all things, and this labor must devolve—"

"Upon me," said the Captain. "There is no one else, you know."

"Not a single other relative, I believe." (Mr. Selby had devoted months to the satisfying himself on the point.)

"Not one; and, what is more, I believe he has never had the slightest affection for any thing or any body in this world, save myself and his bull-dog."

"A kind, good soul," murmured Mr. Selby, without the least touch of irony in his tone. "Farewell, Captain, for a short time; and then return, to receive this roof as your abode."

This remark referred to the Captain's having been formally recognized by her father as Annette's future husband. And Annette herself—had she truly accepted him? With her whole heart—her strong, passionate heart—she loved him. His was a determined will, and he had conquered hers. She was, in the most absolute sense, his.

A fortnight passed. The scene was again the breakfast-room; but this time it was Mr. Selby who appeared with the open letter. What was the matter with him? He gasped, and tried in vain to speak. Annette took the letter. It conveyed startling news. Sir John Larby was dead; and no sooner was he dead than it came to light that many years ago he had been secretly married to his scullery maid, who now appeared as his widow, with four children. It was all revealed in the will, and the property, save a legacy to Captain Wyerly, was entirely left to the late Sally Mobbs, now Lady Larby.

For some minutes father and daughter gazed at each other without speaking.

"He never enters the house again," growled Mr. Selby. "An insolent impostor!"

It was not easy to see where the imposture lay, as regarded the Captain. So thought Annette, and in her heart she said, "The gold had no influence with me. Penniless though he be, I will not forsake him."

But not a word to her father. Discussions, she knew, would be worse than useless. There must be sacrifice without debate.

Then swiftly there passed communications which had these results: a secret preparation, many tears, a meeting, a flight, a private marriage, and a roaring, as of a maddened lion, which almost shook the walls of Selby House.

After a time there came the usual appeal for forgiveness. It was unanswered. A year passed, and there came another very painful letter. The treacherous husband had gone no one knew whither, and the stricken wife and sorrowing daughter lay with her sickly infant in a garret in London. To that letter went this reply:

> "You should have known me better than to apply to me. I feed the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the work-house. Each Saturday old blind Billy still has from me the six-pence you used to put into his hand when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, six-pence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone!"

No more applications came after this, and Mr. Selby went abroad for several years.

PART II.

IT was a drear November day, foggy and wretched. Every body within doors drew close to the fireside, and marveled at the misery that had no fireside to which to draw. As the snow falls, and the keen blast causes the house to rock, and the very incarnation of horror seems abroad, seeking to clutch and press the breath from out of all poor wayfarers whom he may meet with, we, all of us, more or less, wonder what in the world can save such as are lowly and poverty-stricken from utter desperation and raving madness.

A woman, apparently in the last stage of distress, with an infant in her arms, staggered into a Relief Office.

"Now, what is it you want?" inquired a surly functionary from behind a counter, as though any body finding their way in there for relief were an idea never for a moment occurring to his mind.

"I want bread. I starve;" was the reply, in a hoarse voice.

"If you had bought a penny loaf instead of that last glass of gin," suggested the acute official, "it would have done you more good, and you needn't have come here."

"That isn't your business," replied the woman, "and so don't you meddle with it. I want bread."

"Then you won't have any."

"I'll break the windows."

"Do; and you'll go to prison."

"I tell you I'm starving. Give me a night's lodging."

The officer scanned the applicant. "You casual paupers will ruin us. There—there's an order for the work-house."

The miserable being received the order, and drawing round the unfortunate little creature on her bosom the tattered remnants of an old black shawl, staggered from the office, to journey to the work-house, which was some distance off.

Now how it came to pass none can tell, but the road to the work-house was never taken, or, if taken, was soon widely departed from. Stumbling onward through snow and mud, numbed and half-blinded, yet retaining the power to advance, and exercising it with strange determination, that forlorn woman, still hugging her child to her bosom, traveled many, many miles; and it was at the entrance of a village, a great distance from town, that she first stopped, and asked of a countryman, "the way to the house." It so happened that there was a work-house nigh at hand, and having been directed accordingly, the wanderer, with almost a last effort, reached the door, and dropped senseless. Thus she was presently found, and carried indoors. She was then searched, but nothing whatever was found upon her, even the order for relief which had been given her having been lost in the long, sad journey. By degrees consciousness was partially restored, but memory seemed to have entirely departed, and reason itself but flickered. What was to be done with such a case? The guardians of that union, like the guardians of all other unions, had a great dislike to more permanent burdens than were absolutely necessary. Was there no possibility of learning where the woman was chargeable, so that she might be "passed to her parish?" The Relieving Officer was desired to bring up this would-be drain on the parish coffers before the board sitting in solemn conclave.

Now in this neighborhood stood Selby House, and to his mansion had lately returned Hardman Selby, Esq., after several years' absence on foreign travel. Little benefited he looked by his wanderings. He was stout in body, and full and flushed in face; but the village doctor shook his head, and remarked to a friend that the Squire had only come back from a long journey to take a longer, and one from which he would not return. However, the country round about manifested great delight at the reappearance of the wealthy invalid, and among other honors shown him, was the re-electing him Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Poor.

It was, therefore, before Mr. Selby, as chairman, and a numerous assemblage of the Board, that Mr. Jones, the Relieving Officer, brought that poor, wretched woman. A great patch covered one eye and her left temple, which had been sorely bruised and cut when she fell at the work-house door. Her long black hair had only been partially cleansed, and so hung matted and dirty about her shoulders. She was still in the deplorable attire in which she was found, and still she grasped her infant, for she would not part with it for an instant.

"Some mystery about the case," remarked the Relieving Officer, in a low tone; "I can make nothing of her, but whether she will not or can not answer questions, I really do not know."

"Where do you come from, woman?" inquired Mr. Selby, authoritatively (in the old style, reader).

"Who asks me such a question as that?" was the counter-interrogation, and in a tone of pride which caused Mr. Selby to stare, but which only led the Relieving Officer to touch his forehead significantly.

"You are married," said one of the guardians, looking at a handsome wedding-ring on the woman's finger.

Not a word.

"Come, you must tell us something about yourself," said the Chairman, rather angrily. "Where's your husband?"

There was one of the guardians, a good-natured old gentleman, by name Mr. Potts, who was made a butt by the guardians generally. Mr. Potts chanced to be seated close by where the woman was standing. On the Chairman putting the last question, the infant in the woman's arms suddenly leaped up, and struggled toward Mr. Potts.

"Dada! my dada!" it shrieked, in ecstasy.

"Halloa, Potts! halloa!" cried a number of the guardians; "what have you been about, Potts?"

Mr. Potts grew crimson at this unexpected attack, and, in his confusion, leaned forward affectionately to the child, and looked it attentively in the face.

"There can't be a question, Potts. It's the very image of you," cried a jocose guardian.

"Now, if ye would all like to know who I am, and where I came from," suddenly exclaimed the woman, "why, now I've got it all written down in a letter which I'll show to that gentleman in the chair—to no one else, only to him. I seem to think I know him."

"She can have no letter," observed the Relieving Officer, "she has been searched."

"Hasn't she, though?" retorted the woman, with all that horrible look of cunning, which often characterizes madness. And from underneath her masses of hair she drew forth a very soiled piece of paper, which she handed mysteriously to the Chairman.

Mr. Selby examined it through his eye-glass.

"I can not make out a word of it," he said. "Do you mind some one else reading it? It isn't a love-letter, is it?

"Oh no! it isn't a love-letter," said the woman. "Ay! he may read it" (seeing the letter handed to Mr. Potts).

"Here, Mr. Potts, you read aloud," said the Chairman; "but stay, don't do it if you find it lets us into any awkward secrets; we won't be hard upon you, Mr. Potts," and Mr. Selby laughed more heartily than he had done for many a day, and the guardians joined.

Mr. Potts, half angry, and so confused that he hardly knew what he was doing, then read, in a loud tone, the following letter:

> "You should have known me better than to apply to me. I feed the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the work-house. Each Saturday old blind Billy still has from me the six-pence you used to put into his hand when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, six-pence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone!"

Mr. Selby, who during the reading of the letter had seemed bewildered, at its close sprung toward the woman, and holding her by both arms (she looking vacantly in his face the while) gazed at her intently. He then turned quietly, as though to walk back to his seat, when he encountered that foe who is always spying and dodging after every living being that walks the earth—Death. He fell, and was gone.

The Board broke up in the utmost alarm and confusion. Slowly the light which had first entered hazily into the mind of Mr. Potts shone upon the other members.

All Mr. Selby's property passed by his will to different charities. What was to be done with that poor outcast? Her case was inquired into by a few friends of her girlhood; but guilt and misery came into view so strongly, that they shrunk back in horror. Ultimately an arrangement was made for her in a Pauper Lunatic Asylum, where she was received under a slightly altered name, and treated with special kindness and consideration.

But she won't need any body's kindness long. The same disease of the heart, which killed her father, is killing her. She will be at rest soon.

SALEM ROAD.

'TWAS near twilight as I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
On Chelsea beach a sea of gold,
That from the sinking sun was rolled
In a million ripples glowed.

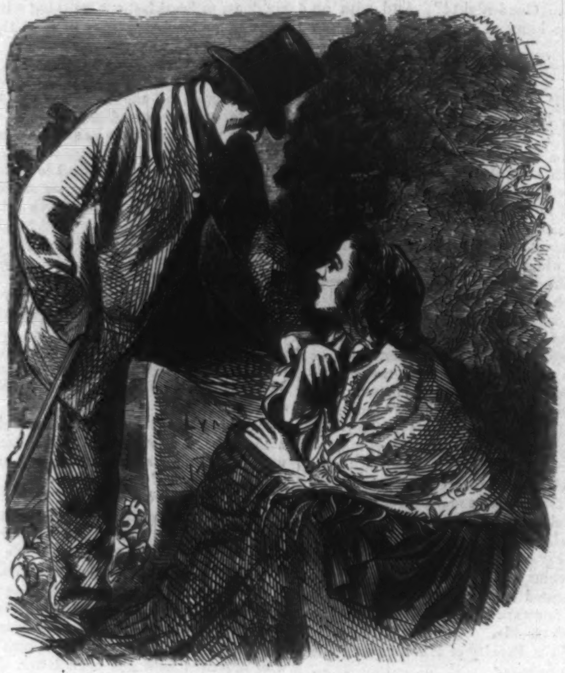
On the lonesome marsh I heard,
Borne along the salted air,
The piping of the feeding bird,
By the roaming cattle stirred,
Shrilly piping here and there.

When at twilight near the sea,
E'er I hear the cries of birds,
They sound very sad to me—
Sadder than all else can be,
Plaintive music—weeping words.

For they straightway bring to mind
Twilight hours when she and I
Down the self-same road would wind,
With our arms and hands entwined,
Gazing idly at the sky.

Gazing at the setting sun,
Ruby clouds on sapphire hurled,
Framed in vapors golden-dun,
In fantastic mouldings run,
Jewels of a giant world!

And—for then we both were poor—
We would float away in dreams—
Dreams frail fancy to allure,
Dreams as briefly to endure
As the sunset's crimson beams.



Every willow on the road
Glistened like a fairy tree,
Every petty pebble glowed
Like the jewel in the toad,
And like gold the distant sea.

And a thousand things we planned
In those pleasant twilight strolls—
Lives like those in fairy land,
Joy and peace on either hand,
And a wedding of our souls.

More than this I could recall—
That old mile-stone close to Lynn,
That in the shadow of a wall,
Backed by cedars black and tall,
Bore the distance carven in.

This was the limit of our walk;
Here, when tired, we oft would rest,
And of our fondly future talk
Till the great evening shades would stalk
Like giant spectres, from the west.

Ah! the mile-stone still is there!
Still the numerals on its face;
But the leagues of blank despair,
And the awful years of care—
These, oh! these are measureless!

But if grief could bite like steel,
On that mile-stone might be read
All the anguish man can feel,
All those woes that never heal,
All the sorrows never said.

For she left me long ago—
Left me to a lonely life.
I, who thought she loved me so;
I, who kingly wealth would throw
Out to the winds to call her wife.

Ay! a gilded, gay gallant,
Smooth of talk and fair of face,
Summer-idling at Nahant,
With concerted love-sick rant
Led my darling to disgrace.

And I lost her. For she fled,
Withering with that fatal stain.
All her people mourned her dead,
And upon my stricken head
Sorrow sowed its silver grain.

Sadly dreaming thus I strolled
Down the Salem turnpike road:
Chelsea beach in mist was rolled,
And from many an upland fold
Cattle through the twilight lowed.

Was it fancy? Did I dream?
There, hard by the mile-stone white,
I beheld a garment stream,
And I saw a pale face gleam,
Lit by eyes as black as night.

Hearts are quicker than all eyes,
And to ours the thickening gloom
Was like day. I saw her rise,
Heaving with inward agonies,
Like a corpse from out the tomb.

Ere I could my sense regain,
At my feet she prostrate lay;
Weeping such a bitter rain,
Uttering, oh! such groans of pain,
That I could not turn away.

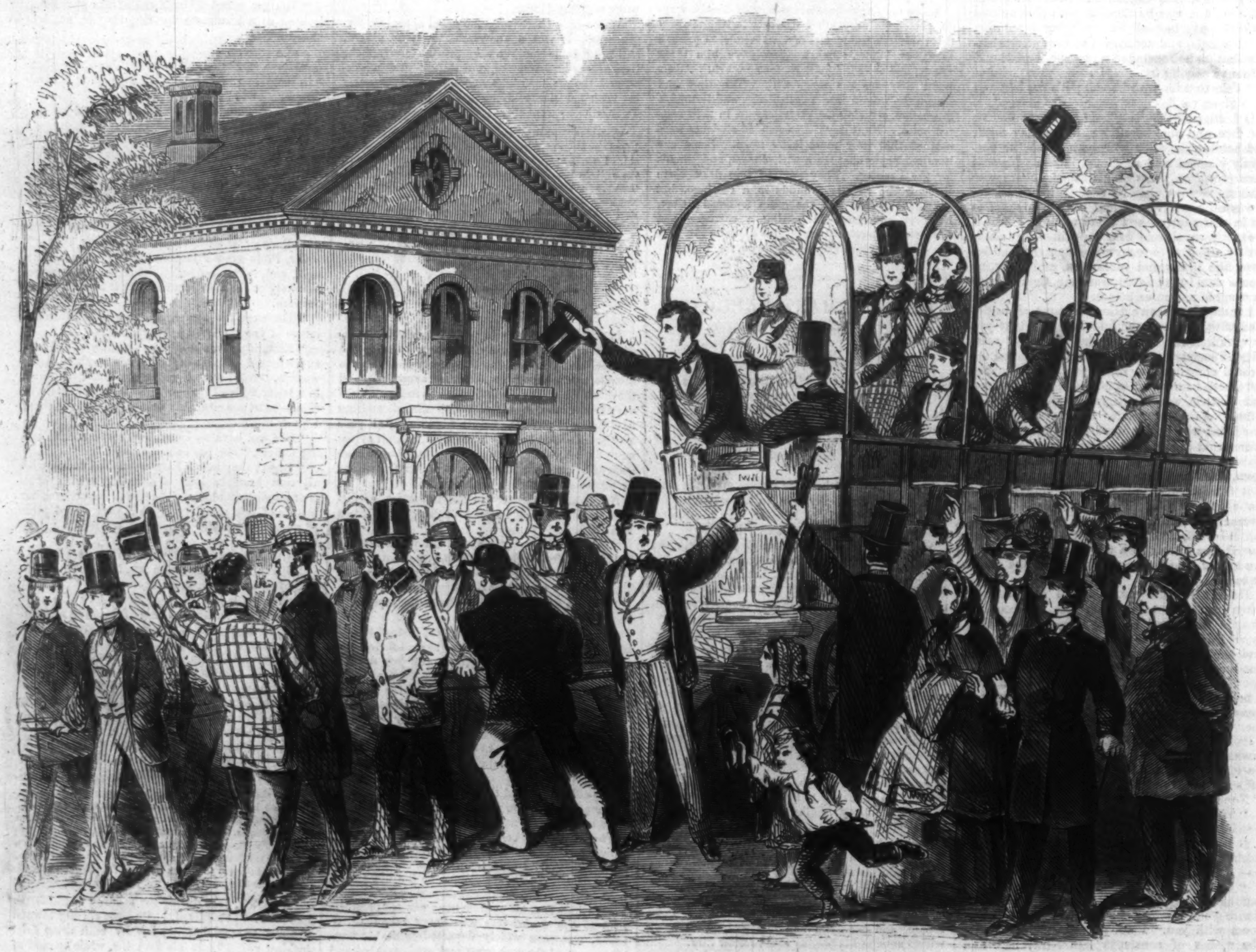
Though she never could be mine,
That she could be God's I knew.
Few can tread the rigid line—
Mercy is a thing divine—
You may crave for mercy too.

Would you question was I right?
Ask the men of Norfolk town
Of that year of awful blight,
When Azrael in the night
Winged with pestilence came down.

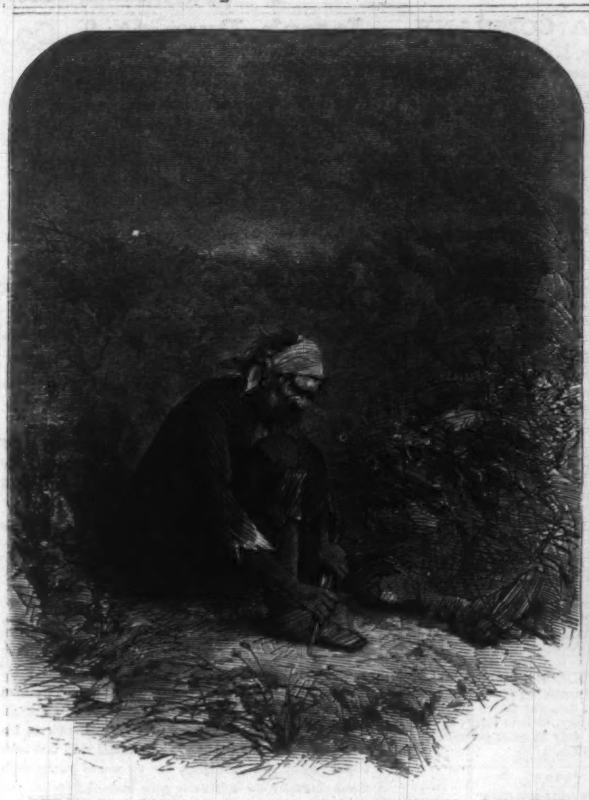
And they'll tell to you a tale—
Tell it too with reverent air,
Of a lady tall and pale,
Who, when Death was on the gale,
Moved in mercy every where.

And they'll show an humble grave,
With not even a tell-tale stone
Notice from the world to crave;
Only there some pale flowers wave,
By a pitying Christian sown.

But her lesson is not dead,
Though her troublous life is o'er.
I remember One who said,
When a lost one bowed her head,
"Woman, go and sin no more."



THE RIOT AT CAMBRIDGE—STUDENTS PASSING SCIENTIFIC HALL.—[SEE PAGE 763.]



"BUT HE WAS DOWN ON THE RANK WET GRASS, FILING AT HIS IRON LIKE A MADMAN."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

SOMETHING clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged, rough sleeve over his eyes.

Pitying his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

"Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thankee, my boy. I do."

I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating and the man's. The man took strong, sharp, sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have any body to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

"You won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly, after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

"Leave for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

"Oh, ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! *He* don't want no wittles."

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the closest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now?"

"Where?"

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and"—I was very anxious to put it delicately—"and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the gun last night?"

"Then there *was* firing!" he said to himself.

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishin' of cold and want, he hears nothin' all night but guns firin', and voices callin'. Hears? He sees the soldiers with their red coats, lighted up by the torches carried afore, closin' in round him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders, 'Make ready! Present!—Cover him steady, men!' and is laid hands on, and there's nothing! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—coming up in order, Damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp—I see a hundred. And as to firin'! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, when it was broad day.—But this man"—he had said all the rest as if he had forgotten my being there—"did you notice any thing in him?"

"He had a bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek with the flat of his hand.

"Yes! There!"

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left into the breast of his gray jacket. "Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down like a blood-hound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

I indicated in what direction. The mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which had an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee, and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV.

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dust-pan—an article into which his destiny always led him sooner or later when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

"And where the deuce ha' *you* been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves.

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse." "Not a doubt of it," I thought.

"Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, *I* should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dust-pan retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross temper. This was so much her normal state, that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork, and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mince-meat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be cut off unceremoniously in respect of breakfast, "for I an't," said Mrs. Joe, "I an't a going to have no cramming and gorging and washing up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

So we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march, instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the mean time Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little state parlor across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which even extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantle-shelf, each with a black nose, and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

My sister having so much to do, was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit, characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances than any thing else. Nothing that he wore then fitted him or seemed to belong to him, and every thing that he wore then grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the blithe bells were going, the picture of misery in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accoucheur Policeman had taken up (on my birthday), and delivered over to her to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends; even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the use of my limbs.

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet what I suffered outside was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry or out of the room, were only to be equaled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged it to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the bans were read and when the clergyman said, "Ye are now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private audience in the vestry. I am far from being quite sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheel-wright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appropriated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home we found the table laid, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and every thing most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large bald forehead, had a deep sonorous voice which he was proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he finished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving us the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook, who was a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been choked, and had that very moment come to, "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine, and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumb-bells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Un—cle Pum—ble—chook! This IS kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And how are you all—bob-bish? And how's Sixpennorth of half pence?" meaning me.

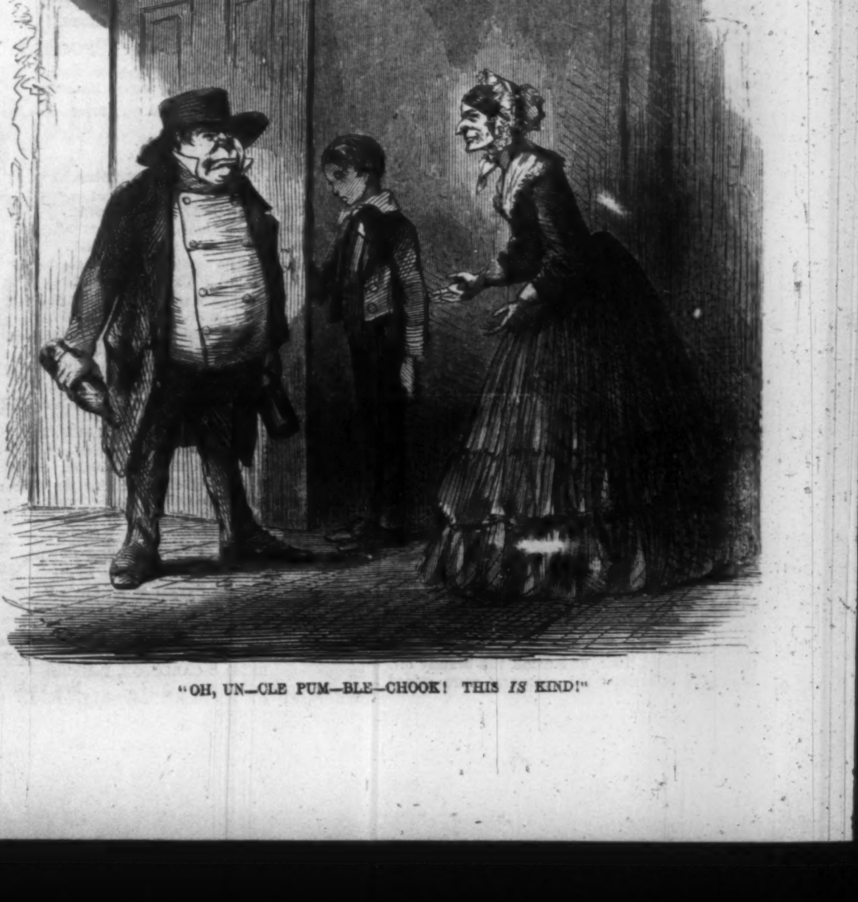
We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlor; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday's dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little, sharp-eared person in curly sky-blue, who held a conventionally juvenile position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough, high-shouldered, stooping old man, of a saw-dusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart, so that in my short and early days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at acute angle of the table-cloth with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye; not because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those corners of obscure pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little bull in a Spanish arena: I got so smartingly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation, as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister instantly fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low, reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr.



"OH, UN—CLE PUM—BLE—CHOOK! THIS *IS* KIND!"

Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally wicious." Every body then murmured "Ah!" and "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something feebler (if possible) when there was company than when there was none. But he always aided and abetted when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated, in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open," what kind of sermon *he* would have given them. After favoring them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily ill chosen; which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it—plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject if he's ready with his salt-box. Why," added Mr. Pumblechook, after a short interval of deep reflection, "look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

"True, Sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to bring me in before he said it, "might be deducted from that text."

("You listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.)

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Swine," pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes as if he were mentioning my Christian name—"Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is set before us as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been praising up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is detestable in a pig is more detestable in a boy."

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

"Of course, or girl," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably; "but there is no girl present."

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "think what you've got to be greatful for. If you'd been borne a Squeaker—"

"He was, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

Joe gave me some more gravy.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed squeaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you—"

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding toward the dish.

"But I don't mean in that form, Sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings, according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable, the butcher, would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, Ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?" And then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of sleeplessness I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave, and I had contumaciously refused to go there.

I think the Romans must have aggravated one another very much with their noses. Perhaps they became the restless people they were in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanors, that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But all I had endured up to this time was nothing in comparison with the awful feeling that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause every body had looked at me (as I felt deeply conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as biled—is rich, too; ain't it?"

"Have a little brandy, uncle?" said my sister.

O Heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table with both hands, and awaited my fate.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out, no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time Mrs. Joe and Joe were busily clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterward the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic, hooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window violently stamping and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and surveying the company all round, as if *they* had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the vigor of my unseen grasp upon it.

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, however could it come there?"

But Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear the subject mentioned, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time, at least, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervor of gratitude.

By degrees I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of the gin-and-water. I began to think I should get over the day when my sister said to Joe, "Clear plates—cold."

I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must really taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

Must they! Let them not hope it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie—a savory pork-pie."

The company murmured their compliments; and Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, and having distinguished himself by his gift, said, vivaciously, all things considered, "Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavors; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savory pork-pie would lay atop of any thing and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill cry of terror merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could hear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets, one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, look sharp, come on!"

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Asthma.

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KIMBALL HADLEY.

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Asthma.
Asthma.

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Certificate from Dr. Hayes,

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A. A. HAYES, State Assayer.

How to use it.

Breakfast and Tea Rolls.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly by passing two or three times through a sieve; rub in a piece of butter of half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water (milk is preferable) barely stiff enough to permit rolling out. Much kneading should be avoided. Cut into desired form, and place immediately in a hot oven and bake quickly.

Loaf Bread.

The same proportion of Leaven and flour sifted together as above. Omit the butter, and make the paste thick enough to knead into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one egg; then three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; beat to a froth and cook quick.

Sponge Cake.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat all together; add three cups of sifted flour, one cup of water, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

Corn Cake.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix them with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

Cup Cake.

Five cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs all well beat together; mix with milk; then add a cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste.—Bake about half an hour.

Ladies' Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four teaspoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and the juice of one lemon, mixed with milk.

Webster Cake.

Five cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

Muffins.

Three teaspoonfuls of Leaven, one quart of flour, and a little salt sifted together; make a thick batter with milk, and bake in rings.

Apple Pudding.

Pare and slice eight apples, sift three teaspoonfuls of Leaven with one quart of flour; put in a piece of butter half the size of an egg; mix with cold water to a paste; roll out about an inch thick; put the apple into the crust with a little cinnamon; put into a cloth, allowing room to swell one-third; boil one hour and a half.

Highland Cake.

Two teaspoonfuls of Leaven and one cup of flour sifted together; two eggs well beaten; two cups of milk; two cups of sugar and one of butter; add flour enough to mix as stiff as common cup cake, and bake about half an hour.

See directions in each package for making Graham Bread, Boston Brown Bread, Dumplings, Chambers Street Cake, Sponge Cake, Jumbles, Election Cake, Soft Sugar Ginger Bread, Hard Sugar Ginger Bread, Silver Cake, Doughnuts, Butter Pudding, Jonny Cake, Gold Cake, Japanese Cake, Union Cake, and every variety of Pastry.

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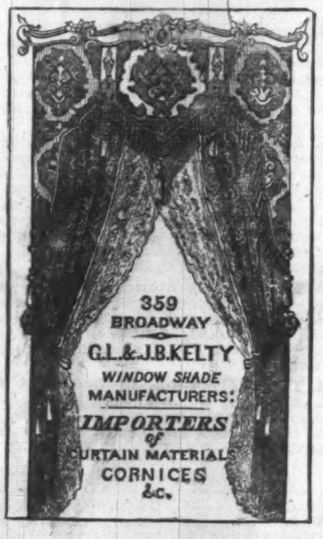

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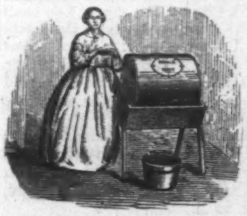

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